

THE NAUTILUS.

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SEPTEMBER, 1906.

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THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox
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These Are
NAUTILUS
Contributors
for 1905-6
Others
Coming !

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all this I thought came from God. I knew He could prevent it, but thought He wanted to see how much we could bear, and that in the next world He would make up somehow, if we fought hard enough. I don't know much yet. But oh! I'm resting from the agony. I'm out in front of that wall, looking round with smiling eyes, and the

troubles, the dreads, are sinking away from me, and I am breathing freely at last."—J. D.

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A "Beautiful Results" motto card.....	
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\$3.75

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If you would live forever,

Let your life be from day to day,

A sweet adventure.

—Elizabeth Towne.

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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
 —Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY.
 One Dollar a Year.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

{ VOL. VIII.
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Imprisoned for Life.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

I don't believe any soul is "imprisoned for life in the gloom of remorse and despair," and I think the particular criminal you mention would laugh at the idea that she is, or ever was, so imprisoned. She doubtless finds as many excuses for herself as you can find for her, and she thinks she was justified in killing that man.

And Josephine Terranova thinks—or thinks she thinks—that God told her to kill her aunt and uncle. Whether she goes to prison or madhouse it will probably take at least another incarnation or two to develop her to the point of feeling any real remorse at having killed them. And when she reaches that point she will probably have grown sense enough to forgive herself for doing what she knew no better than to do. She will eventually forgive herself just as you and I forgive her, knowing her great ignorance and the terrible conditions that provoked her act.

Nobody lives in a "prison of remorse and despair" any longer than he needs. *to make him repent*—to make him mend his thinking. Sometimes sorrow, or suffering, or imprisonment makes him mend his thinking; sometimes love does it; sometimes simple training does it. Anything that will help him to unfold to truth, to the love principle of his being, will inevitably release him from remorse as well as from non-loving ac-

tivities. It was love that waked Josephine Terranova to the evil of her past life, and it was the loss of love that roused her to vengeance. More love will show her the evil of hate and revenge—if the alienists don't prick and pinch and scorch her out of what little sense she has.

It is humanity that must forgive, not God. God is spirit, love; and "*God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.*" How can God forgive *what he does not even behold*?

Iniquity is a purely human institution, the result of ignorance of God, who is the love-principle of every individual. The individual grows *not* in his love-principle, which is the same yesterday, today and forever; he grows in *knowledge and understanding* of the love-principle which is the core and essence of himself. The less knowledge and understanding of *self* he has the greater his iniquities, and the greater his remorse and self-condemnation when he finds that certain of his deeds *are* iniquitous. As he grows in wisdom he realizes the foolishness of evil doings, of hate-prompted doings; he realizes the foolishness *and the boomerang-ness* of all deeds not actuated by the love-principle within him. Even after he begins to realize this he goes on doing evil things, though not such violent ones, because his understanding is not far

enough unfolded to know always what is love-prompted.

Growth in wisdom and knowledge saves from all iniquity *including remorse and unforgiveness.*

Jesus gave this to Peter—"I give unto you the keys of the kingdom of the heavens: Whatsoever thou mayest bind upon earth thou wilt find bound in the heavens, and *whatsoever thou mayest loose upon earth thou wilt find loosed in the heavens.*"

This means that when we have grown wisdom enough to forgive other people and ourselves we shall find the judgment day in the past, with the sheep and the goats *all* good grazers in the pastures of eternity.

Why should the goats be damned? A growing intelligence echoes, *Why?* And begins to see that it was humanity itself, in its childish days, that dubbed the goats evil. That in its advancing intelligence it cannot blame the goats. That it can blame neither sheep nor goats for not being grown-up intelligences from the beginning. That after all there was nobody to blame *except in humanity's own mind*—which is outgrowing the foolishness of condemnation.

And when you quit condemning people you don't nag them on—mentally if not orally—to greater misdeeds. When you quit not-forgiving people you begin to help them. And they begin to feel the impulses of the love-principle that is the soul of them.

We used to send folks to prison for revenge—an eye for an eye; strikes, blows, foul air, vermin, hard labor, dead silence for dollars grabbed. Now we are converting our vengeance-holes into *schools*, where misdoers are trained to right thinking and useful doing. Stripes are disappearing along with vermin, foul air, dark holes and water famine. Classes, baseball, flowers, lectures, neat clothes, and the indeterminate sentence are waking self-respect, hope, resolution, honest effort within prison walls.

And Saint Ben Lindsey is switching the embryo criminals into lines of usefulness.

We are all one, all outgrowing hell and damnation, all growing in wisdom and knowledge, all forgiving each other and ourselves. And when we have forgiven seventy times seven and loved our enemies, behold there was nothing to forgive.

THE MAGNET.

As surely as the broad, deep sea
 Draws rivers to its bed,
 I am quenched and I am fed
 By my loves which flow to me.
 As the magnet draws the ore,
 So I draw from distant shore
 My own—my loves—they come—I wait
 Confiding, sure, while the broad gate
 Of my affection opens wide
 To welcome home friend, sweetheart, bride.
 All earth's loves will surely come
 To my heart, which is their home.

EVA MARBLE BONDY.

The White Stone of Kenneth MacKenzie

BY FREDERICK ROSSLYN.

For fully one hundred years past the subject of "second sight" has received the careful attention of learned men. Early in the nineteenth century, Sir Walter Scott went so far as to say that

herent truth. When we remember how all history and tradition abound in instances of this strange power, often apparently resting on evidence beyond impeachment, it is not surprising that it has numbered among its adherents advocates of almost every school of thought. A well-known psychologist declared during a recent discussion at a solemn scientific congress, that, apart from the mercenaries who call themselves "mediums," there are certain men and women who exercise faculties not developed in the majority of human beings. These faculties enable them to read the thoughts of others, to perceive what is happening in distant places, and at times to foretell the future. In other words, "second sight" is now regarded as capable of a scientific demonstration by some of the most enlightened men of our own time.

One of the most famous of the ancient Scottish seers was Kenneth MacKenzie, whose prophecies, originally spoken in poetic Gaelic, have been handed down to us from the seventeenth century. He was born on a remote island of the Hebrides, and spent his manhood on that far Northern promontory between the Friths of Moray and Cromarty, which is popularly known as the "Black Isle." It lies so remote from the common highways of life and commerce, that railways have penetrated it only in recent



Scene on the shores of Moray Frith, where a rude square stone has been erected on the spot where Kenneth MacKenzie's life ended.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY FREDERICK ROSSLYN.

"if force of evidence could authorize us years. This lonely land, where the loud to believe facts inconsistent with the reverberations of the great world are general laws of nature, enough might be heard merely as feeble echoes, was a fit produced in favor of the existence of abiding place for a poet, dreamer and seer. second sight" to convince us of its in When he reached manhood, Kenneth

crossed to the mainland and entered the service of the head of his clan, for whom he did the work of an ordinary field laborer. He brought with him, as the only thing of value he possessed, a round, smooth white stone. This stone was to him what the crystal globe is to many modern clairvoyants; in it he could not only see future events, but he could also discover man's real designs and motives as clearly as their actions. But if he really possessed the gift of "second sight," the white stone was probably used as mesmerists now use a shining disc, to produce the necessary hypnotic trance. Alexander MacKenzie, F. S. A., who has written a history of the class, remarks: "If Kenneth was really possessed of the power of prophecy, he more than likely used the stone simply to impose upon the people who would never believe him possessed of such a gift, unless they saw with their own eyes the means by which he exercised it." But the use we have suggested for the highly polished white stone seems to us to be a more natural explanation, while it also rests on a strictly scientific basis. It was simply used as a bright disc to produce the trance state, without which his visions would not come to him, and his prophetic lips were mute.

As we have said, Kenneth's predictions were made in his native Gaelic, for he possessed another language. For instance, he said in his vernacular that "mares with hempen bridles" would pass behind a certain hill near Inverness. But in the English translation it stands thus: "The day will come when full-rigged ships will be seen sailing eastward and Westward round the back of Tomnahurich." Tomnahurich is a hill on the opposite side of the Ness from Inverness, and one hundred and fifty years after the peasant seer uttered his mystic speech the great Caledonian was planned and carried out, and steamers

and sailing craft can now pass to and fro at "the back of Tom-no-hurich."

In alluding to this prediction and its verification, Alexander MacKenzie thinks "that a man of great natural shrewdness might from the appearance of the country, with its chain of great inland lakes, have predicted the future Caledonian canal." But the learned Fellows of the Society of Antiquarians forget that such public works requiring the most expert of modern engineers for their execution, were not in the scheme of things at the seer's period. The description of such a ship canal would have been as unintelligible to a Highlander of the day as an allusion to the vast waterways discovered by astronomers on the planet Mars.

Like all clairvoyants, Kenneth seems to have been peculiarly sensitive where changes were to be wrought in the earth's surface. In the parish of Petty, near the shore, is a great stone, fully eight tons in weight, which at one time marked the boundary between Culloden and Moray. Of this heavy stone the seer predicted: "The day will come when the stone of Petty, large though it is, and high and dry as it appears to people this day, will suddenly be found as far advanced into the sea as it now lies away from it inland, and no one will see it removed, or will be able to account for its sudden and marvellous transportation."

More than a century and a half after this utterance, on a fearful and tempestuous night, February 17, 1799, the stone was mysteriously moved and carried about two hundred and sixty yards, into the sea. Some people thought there must have been a slight earthquake, others attributed the shift to the action of the ice; while the superstitious whispered of diabolic intervention. But, let the cause have been what it may, another prophecy had been precisely fulfilled.

Kenneth, gazing steadily at his white stone, saw changes taking place in the coast line of Scotland which are gradually coming to pass. Yet however much close observation, and a lifelong knowledge of sea and shore, may have assisted him in some forecasts of this type, there are others which cannot be explained in this way. Nor were his predictions of this character limited to the coast. He foretold that a nature arch, something like that in Virginia, which was once a marked feature of the Slorhead of Assynt, would be thrown down with so terrible a noise that "the cattle of Ledmore would break from their fastening." Now Ledmore was twenty miles from Slorhead, and how was any noise to reach so far? But the peasant seer knew his white stone to tell the truth, and had no intention to overcome the natural laws governing the transmission of sound. For in 1841 the arch did fall, and it so happened that some of Ledmore's cattle, having gone astray, were within a few hundred yards of it at the time of the accident, and rushed off in a terrible fright, carrying everything before them.

He foretold that the stone bridge at Inverness would be swept away by a great flood, while crowded with people, and while a man on a white horse and a woman about to become a mother were crossing it. Nearly two hundred years after—in 1849—the bridge was swept away. Nobody was drowned on the occasion, nor was any man on a white horse visible. But a man and a woman were crossing it, when the stones began to crumble and give way beneath their feet. The man—Matthew Campbell by name—caught the woman in his arms and by a desperate leap succeeded in gaining the shore. As he alighted on the land, his living burden safe in his arms, the last arch of the bridge fell into the water.

Are not such discrepancies almost more interesting and suggestive than would have been the literal fulfillment? Kenneth saw the vision of the failing bridge, but it was falsified by the intrusion of the man on the white horse, a figure from some other time and place.

Many of the peasant-seers' prophecies have been fulfilled to the letter up to a certain point, but are not yet complete. One runs thus: "The day will come when the Mackenzies will lose all their possessions on Loch Alsh, after which it shall fall into the hands of an Englishman, who shall be distinguished by great liberality to his people. He will have one son and two daughters, and after his death the property will revert to the Mathesons, the original owners of the land, who will build a castle on Druim-a-Dubh."

Many years afterwards an Englishman did come into possession of Loch Alsh, and when the people of the district noted his kindness and liberality they felt that the seer had been right. But, though married for many years, the Englishman had no family. Yet at last, as if to acknowledge the seer's truthfulness, he had a son and two daughters. In due course of time this son, also keeping close to the prediction, sold the estate to the Mathesons. Now, the Mathesons, having come to their own again, should have held Kenneth in grateful memory, and should have completed his forecast of events by building a castle on Druim-a-Dubh. Instead of doing this, however, they erected the family seat on Duncraig!

The great house of the peasant seer's neighborhood was Brahan Castle, then occupied by the Earls of Seaforth. Lady Seaforth found herself left alone in the castle, while her husband tarried long in Paris, where he had gone on a mission for Charles II. Anxious and jealous, she remembered the strange gift

of her peasant clansman, Kenneth MacKenzie, and summoning him to appear before her, she bade him give her news of her absent spouse. And the news he unhesitatingly gave hurt her feelings and her vanity.

To tell the truth to a woman in her position was at once a brave and a rash thing to do. Even as late as the reign of Charles II, the formalities of law did not readily reach great folk living in remote places. The Countess of Seaforth, bluntly told the truth by her humble clansman, determined that Kenneth should be burned to death as a wizard. There is no strictly historic record of the tragedy, but the story has been handed down from generation to generation. Undoubtedly it may have received additions and exaggerations. But in its fundamental part, it is neither more nor less than a witch-burning. No American belonging to the educated class need be reminded of the witchcraft trials and executions at Salem, Mass., while the colony was oppressed by the religious bigotry and tyranny of Cotton Mather. The terrible superstition, even surrounded by every legal formality, persisted in England till 1712, and in Scotland till 1722.

As soon as he knew his fate, Kenneth MacKenzie foretold the doom of the house of Seaforth, saying: "I see a chief, the last of his race, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the grave. After weeping over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall die, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a lassie from the East. And this lassie, without evil design, shall kill her sister, and the race of the MacKenzies of Seaforth shall come to an end."

This last prophecy of the rugged old Highland peasant seer was fulfilled in the most literal manner. The last Earl

of Seaforth was born with all his faculties, but while a boy at school became deaf after suffering from scarlet fever. His powers of speech naturally suffered, but remained in use until the dark sorrows of his last years closed around him. He married a lady of high birth and fine character. They had ten children, four sons and six daughters. The title and family name now seemed secure enough, and yet this was the beginning of the end. One son died young. Three lived to manhood, and then passed away. The last died of a lingering malady in the south of England. Lord Seaforth himself, who was a contemporary and friend of Sir Walter Scott, died in 1815. His title became extinct, and the chieftainship of Clan MacKenzie passed to a remote connection who inherited none of the property. That went to his eldest surviving daughter who had married Sir Samuel Hood, and had passed her wedded life with him in India. At the time of her father's death she was a young widow returning from the East.

After a few years of widowhood this "lassie from the East" married a Mr. Stewart, and by agreement their name became Stewart-MacKenzie. The old life had ceased. Piece by piece, the estate was sold until but a fragment remained. To complete the literal fulfillment of the prophecy, as Mrs. Stewart-MacKenzie was driving her younger sister through the woods surrounding Brahan Castle, they met with an accident which cost the sister her life.

The whole of Kenneth MacKenzie's prophecy was well known to both Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Bernard Burke, while the last Earl of Seaforth was still living, and when it seemed likely that one of his sons would succeed him. This seems to be conclusive proof that the details of the prediction were not filled in after the event. The white stone of the peasant seer had revealed the truth to him

in the last of all his earthly visions.

All this is very marvellous and strange, and hard to reconcile with the common course of human existence. And yet Kenneth undoubtedly possessed some occult power which set him apart from his fellows, and which enabled him to foretell coming events with a fair degree of certainty. This power may have been magnified or distorted by the mists of superstition and the inevitable processes of time, but, even granting this, a residuum of the mysterious and inexplicable remains. The phenomena attending men-

tal telegraphy and mind reading will explain the result of Kenneth MacKenzie's fatal interview with the Countess of Seaforth. She was visibly perturbed by her husband's long absence from home, and may even have revealed in speech her jealousy of the beauties at the French King's court. The white stone was not needed at Brahan Castle; haughty, high-tempered and ruthless, Lady Seaforth's mind must have been an open book to the humble clansman she was about to send forth to a cruel death.



The only way to treat a fear is to deny it, defy it, scat it, and do with resolution the thing it says you must'nt. It is at the moment you act upon your resolution that the brain gets a new kink in the desired direction.—Elizabeth Towne.



Marvelous Expansion of the Scientific Mind.

BY PROF. EDGAR L. LARKIN.

When a modern scientific worker gets a few minutes' leisure between two giant tasks, and surveys the scientific field to see what other explorers have done, and are doing, he finds enough to fill his mind with wonder. The writer visited the World's Fair Grounds in St. Louis, in January before the opening in April. A hundred palaces were rising, but enclosed with uncouth scaffolding and unsightly false work. But white splendor, great pillars and towers could be seen behind them, ready to burst into magnificence and beauty. And I was there again during September and studied the completed scene of glory in detail. And now a hundred palaces far more wonderful, temples beyond compare, edifices

of superb grandeur are rising above the gloom, darkness and ignorance of a long superstitious past. These colossal structures, massive piles, yet fashioned in beauty, exquisite grace and harmony, are the splendid Palaces of the Sciences.

Astronomers have glimpsed the outlines and examined the plan of the Palace of the Universe. Chemists are peering in through the obstructions and their eyes are feasting on the mighty and ornate facade of the Temple of Matter. And what words can I apply to those mysterious beings, those genii, those wonder workers, the electricians? One is scarcely able to decide which mansion is the more magnificent, that reared by chemists or by the electrical wielders of

mystical wands. But over there, next the palace dedicated to the stars, is one of almost incredible sublimity. Its foundations are Herculean, and titanic stones are set near the base of Nature in rigid concrete. Its vast walls lift towers, pillars, and pilasters to great heights; with turrets and swelling domes, this mighty temple, greater than the Pyramid of Suphis, is that towering splendor of all time, the Palace of Mathematics. Mathematicians almost stand in awe of each other's minds. Since man appeared, the race has not produced such minds before. And by its side is the Temple of Mechanics, and the toilers within know the mechanism of the sidereal structure. And down the majestic avenue is the Temple of Biology, and the tireless workers in every room are toiling by day and by night to find out what life is. Let us cross over and see what is doing, for great stone work is in process on the other side of this highway of science. We ask a workman, "What building is this?" The answer startles the questioner to the very depths of his mental nature. This is the Temple of the Human Mind. No wonder the reply is surprising, for now after the expiration of all the centuries of the existence of man on earth, he at last is beginning to see that his own mind is worthy of careful study.

Indeed! Men now are aware that the most searching analysis must be made of mind. Every faculty must be studied; and every labyrinth, passageway and corridor explored. For scientific men everywhere now know that once we understand our minds, and learn how to use them and their wondrous powers, that the entire civilization, mode of life and human career in general, can be changed. The possibilities within reach along the mental way are far and away beyond all imagination at present. We are in the mere kindergarten phase

now, and have not discovered ourselves, nor a hundredth part of our latent powers. See what is coming,—chemists will produce life and also chemical food to sustain it! Do not be startled. One of the chief scientific investigators in the world, Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, University of Leipsic, Germany, recently said: "It is now an accepted fact among scientists that the phenomena of creation is possible of performance by what may be termed artificial agencies. While I will not go so far as prophesying just how soon the quasi-miracle will come to pass, there is now hardly any question but that in the course of a few generations at the outside—possibly within a few years, possibly within a century, but sooner or later certainly—science will be creating a form of life as advanced as that of our domestic animals. So far as my own researches and convictions go, there is practically no limit to what may be accomplished in this direction." This from a scientist of such renown that Harvard brought him from Leipsic's classic laboratories to lecture to her students. One more quotation: One may go further and say that not only will actual creation by chemical or scientific process be performed, but that man will undoubtedly be able to determine or change the form of creation at will." This is the most recent science and standard. And chemists are surely on the verge of manufacturing albumen. This is a constituent of organic beings and a food basis.

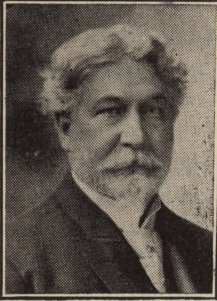
Mental physiology has scarcely more than commenced. Mind positively is ilimitable. It is capable of indefinite expansion. This appears to be a certainty, from the amazing heights reached by the world's master mathematicians. The non-mathematical mind cannot even form a conception of the dizzy altitudes gained by minds that think numbers, geometrical forms and space dimensions. We do not even know the properties and attri-

butes of mind yet. Some mentalists predict the discovery of entirely new and hitherto unknown faculties now dormant; for certain obscure mental phenomena are now being investigated in mentological laboratories that forecast possible discoveries in the near future. These studies are along the lines of hypnosis, suggested illusions and delusions, and hyper-sensitiveness with increased mental activities. It may be possible that mind can be "stepped up" to any brain pressure, like alternating electrical impulses in a transformer. For body and brain are either actuated by or produce electric flows with measurable differences of potential between the vital organs as shown by the elaborate electro-biological researches of Dr. Albert T. Atkins of San Francisco; whose every move I have been watching for more than two years. A man according to him is an alternating dynamo. He inserted platinum electrodes into living lungs, livers and kidneys and currents were detected strong enough to deflect the needle of a galvanometer. There are electric alternations ever playing in every organic living being. Brain and blood are found to be charged with currents.

Here is a quotation from L. D. Wildman, Captain United States Signal Corps, who assisted Dr. Atkins in original researches on the brain of a living sheep thus: "In the living animal there exists a difference of potential between two points in the brain." I surely have heard somewhere that "Breath is Life," but although air is made of oxygen and nitrogen, it conveys to living organisms a life sustaining entity aside from oxygen. Inflow and outflow of air into living lungs across electrical terminals established currents of electricity in an external metallic circuit. Since we are immersed in electricity, a rational deduction is that oscillation of electric energy in both brain and body may be har-

monious or unharmonic, with surrounding nature. This question of harmonies is looming up as one of importance in the scientific horizon. Man's real mental evolution has scarcely made more than a "beginning." The delvings of Loeb here in California, of Fischer in Germany, and of Burke in England, are sinking shafts deeper and deeper down beneath the basic rocks of nature. Strange to relate, the floods of literature coming up to this peak, are tinged with ideas of counteracting death. For long, I have looked upon these as vagaries, but now listen to what the great Ostwald says: "As yet, however, it has by no means been decided that there is any natural death." We are in an oscillating universe of energy. It is doubtful if there is a constant tension or pressure in the entire realm of nature. In some inscrutable way our minds are either a part or parcel of, or are submerged in a vast ocean of oscillatory, electrical impulses. Astronomical mathematicians have found man's place in the sidereal mansion. It is this: He lives on a world so unutterably small, that one hundred million like it, with all their billions of inhabitants could be annihilated and make no more disturbance in the vast structure, than that caused by slightly waving a page of the *Nautilus* magazine in the trillions of dust particles in your library room. Biologists have discovered his place among living things. From accurate researches on his blood and that of the higher apes, it is known that man and the ape are literal blood relatives. Mentalists now know that the only difference between the minds of the ape and man is one of degree only—not kind. To crown all discoveries ever made, it has been found out that man is an evolutionary being pure and simple, and that he has power to culture his body to perfection and his mind to limitless splendor. We are now in lively mentological times.

SHAKESPEARE'S PUCK CONSIDERED METAPHYSICALLY.



By
Floyd B. Wilson.

One turns to Shakespeare and other of the great poets and finds myriads of prophetic utterances which almost startle him; because, though mystical when written, the wonderful inventions of a later day have revealed their meanings. The thoughtful ones question if these poets could then have given an intelligent interpretation of their own affirmations which embodied the prophecies. The metaphysical student of today recognizes these utterances as flashes of soul knowledge to consciousness that vibrate when the objective mind is still and receptive. They represent triumphs of the soul in asserting itself.

The dramatist who creates characters drops by or writes outside of himself. Then objective consciousness by a natural law retires from active operation, and the characters he creates speak a language of their own quite independent of his lines of thought and reasoning perhaps, and often surprising to himself. This is my deduction from a careful study of dramatists and novelists generally, and many of them have personally confirmed this conclusion. One prominent novelist in this country once told me that he often labored to direct creations of his in this or that path and failed. They seem he said after coming into existence to have a mental force of their own, and were often decidedly headstrong.

Shakespeare was very young when he

wrote "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a youthful tone pervades the entire play. Puck in a certain way embodies the fancies of youth, but in another way represents a mentality merging the sub-conscious into the conscious, and being completely in control of both. Primarily, therefore, he represents the ideal of what man today is seeking to be. He was Oberon's will combined with a personality of his own that reveled in fun. He waited to receive the command of a master mind. Then with full confidence of his ability to accomplish what is asked of him he turns quick to his work. If he made a blunder and was told of it, he was ready to correct; but for all he was one of those happy-go-lucky fellows that, whether right or wrong, he enjoyed to the full all there was in life.

The teachings of the practical metaphysics of today is that the soul is the receptacle of wisdom, and the subconscious which has its home in the soul and is of it, is passing vibrations of soul wisdom to objective consciousness, as when connections are made. The soul itself is ready to throw its wealth out to the sense-plane; but, in order to do that it must make connection with it, that is, with objective consciousness. The lines between the subconscious and the objective are always strung and they cannot be broken by any force, while the soul finds its dwelling place within the physical body. The difficulty is that the receiver (if I may use that term) of objective consciousness is not always properly adjusted. In the experimental work which has been done by man in order to understand his whole mental nature, he has found more or less difficulty in

adjusting this receiver. By passiveness in the silence, or by merging his thought as noted above into a personality, a creature of his own imagination, he has helped to make this connection over and over again. In years past and at times now, one may regard these messages sent from subconsciousness as day dreams growing out of the imagination. In a sense they partake of that nature, but much of what has been termed imagination has later been found to be soul images of conditions to be, bringing man to know the possibilities opening before him. There are, of course, wanton dreams imagination may take up from time to time that are not clear and true vibrations of the subconscious; yet, in a certain sense they are in part of these vibrations, and back of them will be found a kernel of truth. Puck in his mental make-up is absolutely ideal. If he questions at all, what would you have me do, I can do it and I will.

Oberon's first request to or command of Puck was that he find and fetch a certain flower upon which "the bolt of cupid fell," giving to it strange magic if its juice of it were dropped into eyes while one is asleep. Here may be a hint of suggestion either with or without hypnotism, but that did not concern Puck. The task was great and speed as swift as thought bidden; and then, in full confidence of his ability to perform the errand, Puck prophetically replies:

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

Limitations were unknown in Puck's vocabulary, for his home was in the mystic realm of fairyland:—

"There every laddie becomes a knight,
And a fairy queen each lass;
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow
bright
As the dewdrops in the grass."
In this bright picture of fairy dell

there is a reflection of a vision of a world of happy homes which the philosopher may see in reverie when man shall know himself, and live true to the teachings of the soul throbbings to consciousness.

In all the work entrusted to Puck, there was combined with it a something of the old teachings of Grecian mythology, Egyptian religion, or East Indian jugglery. History with all its question marks pertaining to earlier civilization, yet authentically records what have been called unexplainable incidents in the growth or upward trend of man. To-day they who have embraced what may be called the philosophy of practical metaphysics, translate the herb, the flower, the potion, by the single word, suggestion.

It will be noted that Puck, acting unrestrained was "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow," a "merry wanderer of the night" bent on fairy tricks; but, under the direction of Oberon, the king of the fairies, he worked to overcome vexations and perplexities in human life and so indirectly helped one to find happiness and to know himself.

As one looks over the wonderful achievements of man in inventions, he will see in the great textile and other manufacturies of the world more startling things being done by machinery, working with an exactness human hands could never attain to, than the imagination of writers ever presented to the child mind as the mystic doings of fairies in fairy land. How many of the great inventive geniuses of modern times received the first suggestions that started them forward in their work of discovery through impressions from mental images which imagination drew? Who shall answer? These inventors are today, each in his own particular department, the Pucks to do the bidding of the demand not of the man, but of human-

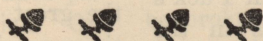
ity, to furnish what it needs in its upward trend to unite itself with infinite force of which it is a part. More and more as one studies into man's growth must he feel that imagination in drawing its bright pictures never did and never can go beyond the possible attainments of man. In detail the accomplishment may differ somewhat from the vision, and he who conceived it may be the suggester rather than the doer—each has his place in the economy of upliftment.

Place one who represented the average mental standard of man fifty years ago in the midst of the hustling life, surrounding those now in our crowded cities; and, as he passed from one manufactory to another, as he noted the adaptation of steam and electricity to man's ends and purposes, as he noted the automatic work of material hands to produce what human hands had done before, truly he would declare no fairy land was ever imagined in his day more wonderful than the real one before him—and the end is not yet. Many of the great inventors were the butt of ridicule once. They were called, as many are today, visionary, dreamers, dwellers in fairy land.

And yet with all this wealth of history before man, some question if onward movement may be made in the coming fifty years to compare with that of those just passed. There is no halting place where a dead level begins between man and his approach to infinite

force, is the firm affirmation of the advanced metaphysician of this age. All that man has dreamed or imagined of things to be will be wrought out by some one in a day to come. Thought cannot conceive of anything that may not be brought to expression. He who first uttered it may be only the suggester, but the doer will appear.

Puck stands forth today as a crude conception of man with ripened power, but who will be possessed of judgment which Puck lacked; while fairy land is the world about us with its hives of industry where machinery toils, with its galleries of art, with its homes of luxury, with its schools of learning, with their songs of joy and its future promise of man's emancipation from fear. That future promise beggars description, for the unfoldment of today cannot image in its fulness the man to be. Wireless telegraphy seems to be the line reaching out to the dim, dark corridors of occultism. Man is growing more conservative now, and waits to investigate before pronouncing phenomena he does not understand fraud. The day of the uniting of the spiritual with the objective plane by a vibrative law to be clearly defined is year by year approaching. When the day dawns fairy land and occult haunts will be blended into the real world where man evolved to a being with infinite power will stand forth clothed with majesty, and assert and manifest his dominion in the universe over all thoughts, life and power.



"No policy pays like politeness. Good manners, like the gold standard, are current the world over. Gruffness locks doors, while courtesy is an open sesame at which bolts fly back and doors swing open."

—Madison C. Peters.

Mrs. Green



"THERE IS NO DEATH, THERE ARE NO DEAD."

(Suggested by the book of Mr. Ed. C. Randall.)

"There is no death, there are no dead."
 From zone to zone, from sphere to sphere,
 The souls of all who pass from here
 By hosts of living thoughts are led;
 And dark or bright, those souls must tread
 The paths they fashioned year on year.
 For hells are built of hate or fear,
 And heavens of love our lives have shed.

Across unatlassed worlds of space,
 And through God's mighty universe,
 With thoughts that bless or thoughts that curse,
 Each journeys to his rightful place.
 Oh, greater truth no man has said,
 "There is no death, there are no dead."

It lifts the mourner from the sod,
 And bids him cast away the reed
 Of some uncomforting poor creed,
 And walk with Knowledge for a rod.
 It bids the doubter seek the broad
 Vast fields, where living facts will feed
 All those whose patience proves their need
 Of these immortal truths of God.

It brings before the eyes of faith
 Those realms of radiance, tier on tier,
 Where our beloved "dead" appear,
 More beautiful because of "death."
 It speaks to grief: "Be comforted;
 There is no death, there are no dead."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

Strength.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." So said Isaiah. hurrying, over-hasty Western civilization.

And the old prophet has sought to tell us what the Lord is. In this day and time every one of us who aspires to live a spiritual life has his own idea of God. For each soul—during this human span—there can be no God except this ideal. Like the workman of old we melt our graven image, and call upon the goldsmith to spread it over with gold. Those of us who are in great spiritual poverty choose a tree that will not rot, and carve from its wood such figure as we may. But we each make to ourselves an image of God—crude or elaborated, the image is there.

So it seems we know who the Lord is. And we are told that if we wait upon the Lord we shall renew our strength. We all want to do that. We want to be strong. You can be neither good nor bad till you are strong.

We weren't told that if we waited upon the opinion of our fellow men it would renew our strength—were we? We haven't been taught that if we waited upon Mammon—it would renew our strength—have we?

Yet these are the things so many of us wait upon. Not the Lord. We want to get money. We want to have credit among men. We permit ourselves to wait on things other than the Lord, hoping that they will bring strength.

But you may say that you have waited on the Lord—you go to church on Sundays. You pray. You feel that you do wait on the Lord.

I will call your attention to that word—"wait." It is a peculiarly oriental word. To me it means here something which we would do well to get into our

You are asked to *wait*. You are not asked—here at least—to come to the Lord with your petitions, to din your desires into His ears with long prayers like the heathen. You are asked to wait.

What is the Eastern mystic doing when he sits upon a hillside, high above the huts of the plain, his filmed and introverted gaze searching far over the valley below him; remembering not last night's bed, knowing not where tonight's couch shall be; fed by some chance villager who respects him as a holy man, or fasting neglected? What is he doing? Most truly and certainly, according to his understanding of the word, he is waiting upon the Lord. His soul is thrown open to the inflowing of the spirit. His inner ear hearkens for the voice of his God. He is spiritually relaxed upon all personal desires and prejudices, and in that stillness the Voice may speak.

I do not think that, in this Western world of ours, we could employ in their entirety, any of the methods of the orient; but I do think we could learn much from them. We need to be still a while. We need to relax. We need to realize that if we would be still and relax we should hear truths more valuable than those we are so eagerly and noisily expressing and acquiring.

How shall we of this Western world learn to wait upon the Lord? We go to our ministers and to others who have made some spiritual progress and ask them for help. When they proffer us what they think is the voice of the Lord, rebuking us on some point, we

promptly say to them, "Oh, but I didn't mean that. I don't do that—such and such is not my failing. You saw me in that situation, but it is not usual with me." And we dash into long and complicated explanations of how we came to be *caught* doing amiss at some time or other.

What are we waiting on? This man's opinion of us. We are certainly not waiting on the Lord.

Helping people in spiritual distress, seekers after the truth, is a good deal like helping those drowning. They will tell you that they struggle—that they try. So they do. So does the drowning person. And the struggles of both retard any assistance. We are told that if we would be perfectly passive in the water, and try to keep our lungs full and our lips closed—we could float. It is this passivity of attitude—this quiet acceptance of the truth of the Lord which is really all about us as the everlasting seas—which will make strong swimmers of us.

In silence, in solitude, holding up a receptive heart like a cup, the Lord shall fill you with strength. And that, not once, but daily—hourly. He will renew your strength, when you have used it in the activities of life—even when you have missed it in your follies. All of us may have this strength from the Lord, but few of us know how to take care of the gift when it is ours.

Of all the avenues by which a man pays out his strength and gets no return therefor, the broadest, the most multiple, the most open is—talk. The strong soul is the silent soul. The doer of deeds is chary of speech.

You have something to accomplish in this world. You make your plans for it. They are good plans. You have taken them into that silence where God speaks, and His voice has told you that they are good. He has given you strength to

carry them forward—strength for a day at a time.

But you are not content with doing these things when the day for doing comes. You must tell every member of your family about them—and then you begin on your friends. At a street corner, on your way home from market or shopping, you stop to relate to one whom you meet these things which belong sacredly to the future. With glowing enthusiasm, or quietly, according to your disposition, you detail your plans. The friend to whom you are talking finds small defects in them. He advises you to do a little less of this and somewhat more of that. He tells you of a man in Indiana who is pursuing an altogether different scheme—and making it very successful, too. Wouldn't it be better for you to drop these ideas of yours and follow the plan of the man in Indiana?

You pass on, bleeding. You have, yourself, put the knife in, and your strength ebbs from the wound. However, you may feel that if you could talk to a good many other people, and they would agree with you, you would feel built up once more in your own opinion.

The next friend you meet is perhaps merely lax and receptive. He lets you detail your ideas till they seem rather flat and foolish, and agrees vaguely, with an embarrassed, bored air, so that you bleed again. Another may not let you talk at all, because he has plans of his own to discuss; yet your efforts to have his opinion spend just so much of your life strength.

And in the end, when the day comes, when the thing is to be done, is is strange that you look upon it and say, "I'm tired. I'm not interested in that after all. God has failed me. He didn't send me strength. His promises don't come true for me. He helps others, but he failed me." And you don't do the thing

which you had promised the Lord. And your own soul.

A good many years ago I was in a large eastern city to take a course of lessons in a certain art. The teacher to whom I was sent was quite a young man, and he had great talent in many directions. But he was possessed by this demon of talk.

During my first lesson, he talked to me the entire time—which was my time of course and not his—about his work, his plans, his reason for having left the small town in which he was born, to make the attempt to establish himself in the city.

My later lessons fared somewhat better. I found he was an excellent teacher—if he could drag his forces long enough away from his disposition to converse. Most of the things he told me were in strict confidence. I was rather burdened by so many secrets till I found that I shared the greater part of them with his every acquaintance. He had literary aspirations, and he would occasionally devote the lesson hour to detailing to me plans for a series of articles or a text book, which I learned to know that he would never write—because he talked so admirably about it, that he was able to satisfy himself *with* talk. The spring exhibition of paintings was a source of anguish to this man, because he walked up and down the line of pictures saying to whoever would listen to him, “I ought to have painted that picture. I had an idea for a picture which was quite superior to this other one. You remember I told you about it.”

Told us about it! Poor fellow! He had told all his world hundreds of times about every idea which came into his gifted head—and till he saw some one else doing the thing and succeeding—this talk had satisfied him. With lamentations—almost with tears, would he cut the leaves of a new magazine.

“Why didn’t I write that story?” he would inquire.

“My plan for a sketch of this sort—and I told it to dozens of people—was like this, but very superior. Why didn’t I write it? Why isn’t my name there on the page, and the check for the work in my pocket?”

Because you talked, my friend. And the other man worked.

I was associated some little time ago with an extremely charming woman, of whom I could but be very fond, in a little enterprise which took the best there was in both of us to be fully accomplished.

This dear soul would leave me, after having laid out just the work which each of us was to do; and the next time we met she would tell me that none of the things we had arranged for was possible. Her husband had informed her that one detail of the plan would not do. Her son advised her that our ideas were obsolete in another direction. Her next-door neighbor very opportunely came in—before she had utterly ruined all by putting into practise some other scheme which she and I had planned together—and explained its hopelessness to her.

She went down town to see people who, she had been informed, would be likely to afford her more light on the undertaking which the two of us had on hand. She went for light—but she usually gathered darkness, and brought it back to me.

She was so innocent, so child-like in these defections, that I finally said: “We musn’t talk about this matter, if we’re going to make a success of it. You reply to everybody who questions you that you have promised me not to say anything; and I will use you as a similar defense.”

She looked at me and smiled sweetly. “Why, I haven’t said a word to anybody about what we are doing—only to those few people I mentioned to you—and

every one of them promised not to tell—and I thought they might give me information that would be useful to us. It isn't a secret, is it? Ought I not to talk to anybody about it?"

"If we took all the advice you have received," I said to her, "we would do this thing about seventeen different ways—and also, we shouldn't do it at all. There is one right way to do everything, and if we can't hit on it and do it that way, we'd better give up."

"Well," she said as naively as a child, "I was trying to find out what was the right way."

Then and there I gave up her education. This happened a few years ago, and I had not formulated my theories of life so much as I have now, or I should have been able to tell this dear child that she had waited on the wrong powers to find the true way. I should have been able to quote Isaiah, and tell her that, when she was in perplexity and weakness, if, instead of running to the neighbors for counsel, she would wait upon the Lord, He would renew her strength.

In those same days and time I had a classmate who was supposed to have actual genius. The rest of us were content to think we had a little talent, but this young woman—so everybody said—would be heard from by the world at large.

We were in the decorative design class together. The work they gave us was not sketching, nor outline work. Each member of the class was expected to produce a carefully finished decorative design, which should be mechanically perfect and suitable for reproduction by mechanical means. You had to take one idea, keep to it, and work it out.

This girl used to come into the class full of smiling energy and possibilities, and before she pulled the hatpins out of her hat, tell of half a dozen good plans for decorative designs. And she would

have detailed as many more, of varying merit, by the time her gloves were off and she was seated at her drawing board. When she came to her own work, the hand moved too slow to satisfy her, whose mind showed her such beautiful visions, and whose tongue was in the habit of describing them more rapidly than pencil and brush could body them forth.

The Lord had certainly given her strength. She had within her the making of all she dreamed. Yet, in the end, a small, silent, pale-faced girl, who had but very little pure talent, but unmeasured devotion, gathered in such honors as fell to the class; and the work my real genius did with her hands was inferior, slighted and unsuccessful.

Why? Because, at the very time of doing, with red cheeks and bright eyes, she was talking as fast as she could of other things, and more things, and yet more things, which one might do—if life were a thousand years long and one had a dozen pairs of hands.

And this brings us to contemplate another of the evils of talk—idle talk.

Do you realize that you can only talk about that which is past, or that which is to come?

A thing which is happening—a thing which is being done—does not offer such opportunities for conversation. You cannot ride a bicycle and converse with every friend you meet, concerning the riding of it. You cannot operate a typewriter and hold forth at any length upon what you are doing. This test shows us how much talk is worth, when doing takes the field.

Well then, there is no use talking about yesterday. Yesterday is past. Its opportunities, improved or neglected, are gone.

There is no use talking about tomorrow, it is yet to come. Its opportunities are yet to be slighted or improved when they come. You cannot do it now. To-

morrow—the unborn—should be a sacred mystery. It is in the hands of the All-wise, and when He gives it to you He will, if you wait upon Him, give you strength for all its needs. Today is the time for you and me. Today is the time for doing. And if we spend it talking about yesterday or tomorrow, it will be lost.

You will say perhaps that I advocate undue taciturnity. You may feel moved to remind me that pleasant conversation is one of the most healthful of human joys.

I will answer that I believe the worker—the doer—enjoys the intercourse he has with those about him to the fullest. And I will add that I think the conversation of people who *do* much in this world is apt to be much less in volume than that of the idlers, the lookers on, and is far more likely to concern itself with abstract matters. Those who accomplish things do not drag out their plans to lay them before every chance comer. They do not defile their holy of holies by making of it a reception room for the general.

What is the work the Lord has set before His people here in this world of His?

To build up, each one of us, from our endowment and our environment, the very best individual we can.

And—behold—if we wait upon Him He will give us the strength to do this.

Then that which we do, in our practical everyday life, is the Lord's work. You can be doing the Lord's work in the store, in the school, at the desk, in your homes.

It isn't a very strange or complicated thing—it's a sacred thing. It's not to be brought forth and handled and explained and turned over for every chance acquaintance to see and know and criticize.

If you do that, you will afterwards

certainly feel bitter toward the people to whom you talk. If you carry your heart's desire, your life plan, to a tea party, and lay it before the gathering to be dissected and passed upon, you will be bruised, abraded, and enraged by the trivial views it elicits.

Yet you should not be. Or the rage should burn against yourself. This is a trivial place to which you have gone; it would do for relaxation after work. It does not do to carry your work there and open it up to chance comers.

Each one of us owes a strong heart to those who love Him. If we have not strength, how can we help others? And do not think while you are angry at the trivial estimate put upon you and your work by some who play at life, to whom you have unwisely related the serious purposes of your existence, that much of this triviality will not cling to your afterview of the matter.

You don't like it? But you waited upon it. You stayed to hear it. You gave it civil countenance—a courteous ear—and the thing has had its influence with you.

I sometimes think that all the advice which human beings give to each other is worse than wasted. In the religions of the East nothing is taught to the beginner which he could possibly find out or think out for himself.

Thus, you see the truth becomes *his* truth, more surely than it could ever be had another thought it out and told it to him.

Yet, when we are setting forth upon a new enterprise, human nature sometimes longs for counsel with those more experienced than ourselves in the particular line which we would essay.

But when you have decided upon a certain course of action, and feel thus impelled to talk it over with some one, examine your reason for this feeling narrowly—if the desire to talk is very

strong, there are ten chances to one that you do not really desire to *do* the thing at all—that you merely want to talk about it.

The force, the power, the impulses to do and to be, are God-like.

Long, idle, unpractical talks about your intentions and plans will surely bring those intentions and plans to naught.

The real doing and being, with their tremendous blast of divine force and fire,

would dry up the spring of this foolish desire to *talk* about doing and being.

Beware lest, when the plans are all made and discussed, down to the minutest detail, you find that you have drawn out the stopper, and tipped the jar, and the good wine of strength, of energy and purpose which the Lord gave you, has dribbled out in speech, spilled itself upon the ground, till the reservoir is empty—and yet none of the Lord's work has been accomplished.

When you cannot get out of your conditions you may be very sure that The Spirit of Love which is you, wants you to stay right there and create good things out of the chaos you find about you.

—Elizabeth Towne.

Deafness.

By ELEANOR KIRK.

"Are some things more difficult to cure in science than other things?" a friend wishes to know. "Now, I have been truly healed of a chronic stomach trouble and I am sure I shall never have it again, but the same practitioner does not seem to have any effect upon the deafness which has lately come to me and I am getting discouraged. It is so awkward to have to keep saying: 'What did you say?' and 'Pardon me, but I didn't quite catch that,' etc., etc., etc. I never thought such a thing could come to me. Would you change your practitioner?"

No. I would change myself by a systematic and righteous co-operation with the one who had previously been of such signal service. An attitude of discouragement is perhaps no worse in the treatment of deafness than for any other disorder, but somebody sometime declared that stopped ears would have to remain stopped until the end of this mortal journey and this word has gained force until it has become a law of mortal mind, apparently as difficult to break as some

of the old say-so's of the Medes and Persians.

And all the time there isn't an atom of truth in it. The real healer knows that as God is the healer of all our diseases one disease can be no harder to heal than another. All must give way to the mighty power of Truth and Love. There is no trouble at the Fountain-Head. Whatever interferes with a satisfactory solution of the difficulty is in the human consciousness which is nursing a lie instead of the truth.

Look and see the obstacles in this case. "I am discouraged." "Deafness is harder to eliminate than other diseases." "It is so awkward to keep repeating 'What did you say?' and so on."

Here we have fear, pride, impatience and self-pity, and these must all be banished at least mitigated before the appearance of "the signs following."

Many seekers after health make the mistake of thinking that the mental

practitioner directs his thoughts, concentrates his treatment upon the diseases—if deafness, upon the ears. This is not the case. His business is to convince the patient that he is a spiritual being and that deafness does not inhere in Divine Mind. If not there it is nowhere, so to treat fleshly ears for deafness would be quite as material as the administration of a pill or a bromide and no more efficacious. The patient's thought of it must be cast out and in order to do this the cause or causes of this wrong thought must be dealt with.

"But," you say, "Jesus Christ did not make use of any of these processes. He spoke the word and the blind saw and the lame walked."

The cases on record show that the sick whom Jesus healed were in perfect sympathy with him. They *knew* that if he would stop long enough to speak the word their troubles would be over. So they were, at least temporarily. Their faith had made them whole—for how long does not appear. They sickened and died like all the rest of the people, which need not have been the case had they known their Divine origin. This is the primal understanding in science and from this foundation of Truth is reared gradually or swiftly, according to the intelligence and desire of the individual, a protective structure which is absolutely unassailable. We hear a great deal of talk about religion. Folks go to church and read their Bibles and wonder why they are so sick and so miserable when they are trying so hard to be good. This is a travesty upon religion. Real religion is scientific and just as demonstrable as the science of mathematics or music. Such discords as sin and sickness cannot appear in the science of religion. Five and five make ten here precisely as they do in mathematics. So it comes to pass that one must acquaint himself with the

rules of this science if he would know how to govern his life.

To many "patience" is a dreary word. When they begin to wake up from their dream of materiality and understand something of the illusions that have taken the place of Truth, they are anxious for immediate results. It is no wonder. They have suffered and sorrowed long. Intellectually they are aware that there is no way out of their tribulations save by this door of science and they fain would push it wide open and run out into the green pastures.

According to your faith and steadfastness will it be to you and not according to your impatience. It is a stately process and hurry and worry are quite incompatible with it. Let us take the claim of deafness for instance. The word has gone forth that deafness is harder to exorcise than almost any other sickness. Now, this is a lie and this statement should be constantly and vigorously asserted. Say it and mean it, and as one having authority over all negative things. Then proceed to help your practitioner by a patient and trustful attitude of mind. Give up all thought of the awkwardness of the condition. Do not be ashamed to say—"I did not understand," if it is necessary to give an answer. "Pride goeth before a fall" in deafness as in everything else. Do not get into the very bad habit of endeavoring to make a sounding board of your ear by putting your hand behind it. If you have advertised your thought of yourself in such fashion, you will find after a little positive practice that you can hear just as well without doing so. A lady who had contracted this habit attended a Christian Science church in New York a few Sundays ago. She was exceedingly anxious to hear all she could of the service and carefully mounted her little sounding board. Af-

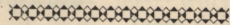
ter a while she glanced about her and as all her neighbors were sitting quietly with their hands in their laps she commenced to feel rather awkward and to wonder if she were the only deaf one in the edifice. Then she decided that, being in Rome, she would do as the Romans did, whether she heard anything or not. A little later she was astonished to find that she could hear just as well as when she had pushed her ear forward with her hand. There was no change in the deafness, but a thought had crept in to this

mind which promises to be of inestimable benefit.

Deafness needs to be treated with a great deal of good nature. Bear in mind that hearing is a spiritual quality and must be treated spiritually. This fact must be recognized and acted upon before the deaf ears will unstop.

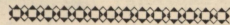
The realization in many cases will be slow but the truth patiently held will sooner or later deliver from bondage.

Deafness is no harder to heal than any other disease, but it must be treated scientifically.



The pessimist goes around taking the starch out of things without offering anything better in its place.

—Elizabeth Towne.



The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

CHAPTER X.

HAPPINESS VIBRATIONS. APAS AND PRITHIVI.

The *Tattvic* Law of the Universe, understood and applied in daily life and thought, makes living under the old *regime* of blind submission to unknown forces, generally believed to be malefic and always endangering health, an utter impossibility,—really unthinkable. And the application of the Law leads one to spiritual living by as direct a course as the flight of a homing pigeon. This radical change of thought is a regeneration, but concerning the transition, there are several things to be considered.

In this pouring of the new wine of Higher Thought, or Spiritual consciousness, which is the only real life, into the old bottles of disordered bodies,

the only trouble arises from failure to *cleanse the bottles properly*. Progress will be delayed as long as impurities of any sort are permitted to pollute "The temple of the Living God."

There are many kinds of pollution, and some of the most insidious society smiles upon as pleasures. Gormandizing, dissipation and excesses of any sort which recklessly exhaust nerve strength, and pickling the body with nicotine till the stale, rank odor oozes from its pores are of these; and habits which thus ignore the body's need of order, cleanliness, and purity within as without must be changed before the "old bottle" is fit for the new wine. It is a fatal mistake to belittle the body, for it is only when we have, through considering its needs rationally, moulded it into a wholesome, perfect body that we can forget it

and make of it the perfect instrument for the soul's activities for which it was divinely destined.

When consciousness, in thralldom to the senses, is tossed hither and yon by fear and anxiety concerning the painful phenomena of physical disturbances, the soul is a prisoner in the darkest corner of the basement, and is powerless to exercise control,—it is reduced to the lowest servitude. But with recognition of the real status of the soul the physical conquest is more than half achieved. There need be no ordeal of purification when the soul rules; no struggle of contending forces in the physiological chemistry; for as darkness is dissipated by light so there can be neither impurities nor discord when the soul turns on the spiritual current. When there is painful physical conflict, it is a reflection of the mental state,—a half-heartedness and wavering of faith and confidence from failure to comprehend the great truths involved, and hence inability to develop the latent soul-force.

The temptation to indulge in those pleasures of the senses which are physically injurious loses its fascination and is seen in its true light when the soul wakes to its real duty and the consciousness of its glorious power. This is the secret of the wonderful hypnotic influence that "cures" the desperately ill, and releases youth from thralldom to petty vices that have enchained the will and threaten to wreck the moral being. By hypnotic suggestion the soul is roused to consciousness of its power and duty, and the soul itself works the miracle.

Moreover, the soul is receptive to suggestion in natural as in hypnotic sleep, for it is then released from the delusions and illusions of the senses, and is itself in touch with higher influences; consciously, when its aspirations lead it thitherward, but under any and all cir-

cumstances more accessible to them. It is not, perhaps, generally recognized that "The night time of the body is the daytime of the soul," which was the creed of Iamblichus, leader of the Neoplatonists. This is the divine opportunity for soul growth—the saving provision or means by which God retains at least a faint hold upon even the most wayward of his children. It explains, also, the inestimable value of the quiet period of introspection and uplifting thought which should precede the laying of the head upon the pillow for the night's rest. Incalculable harm is done to little children by sending them weeping and rebellious to bed,—a sure prelude to restless, troubled sleep, with a sense of injury stabbing the heart and rankling in the mind. It is a preparation inviting all evil influences and repelling the good. Life's cares and the world's travail should be dropped with our garments and we should trust ourselves with happy confidence to the blessed ministrations of the divine mystery of sleep, when the soul is offered release from its physical trammels.

The thoughts which occupy the mind at the moment when Sleep gently slips the cap of oblivion over our brains are of paramount influence not merely upon the rest which should ensue but also upon the general health, because they determine in no slight degree the character of the *Tattvic* flow and the equable balance of the two currents of *Prana*. *Apas* and *Prithivi*, the water and earth elements, are favorable vibrations whose flow we encourage by cheerfulness, serene poise, pleasure, satisfaction and all pure forms of genuine happiness. We can thus by governing our unruly thoughts correct inherited surplusage of unfavorable vibrations and furnish the conditions that attract to us more fortunate ones.

Remember always that it is the *mind*

which dictates every action that disturbs the *Tattvic* balance of the vital current, and that the endowment of free will makes every human being responsible for the thoughts that supply the impulse. The Tantrick philosophers held the firm conviction that if the human mind were *steadfastly fixed* upon any object for a certain time it was absolutely sure by very force of will to attain that object.

Now, tell me, is there anything new under the sun? I must here enter my protest against this age-honored belief in the power of mind being in our day mis-called "New Thought." Its proper name, giving it something of the dignity its due in the revived cult which is mercifully encircling the earth, is "Higher Thought," as distinguished from the stultifying bondage of materialism. It is older far than materialism (only a passing phase of wayward human struggles to know all things marking the close of the Black Age). Why belittle the golden light of the Truth by the term "new," as if it were but half-known and untried?

The therapeutic effect of happiness has been long recognized, and every physician feels that his battle with disease is half-won when he can keep his patient in a happy, cheerful frame of mind. Yet the vital significance of this favorable mental state has probably never been even surmised in Occidental practice. It will advance the science of medicine (purely empiric now) more than any discovery since Harvey's of the circulation of the blood, when it is known that instead of being itself "a direct product from blood," as noted physiologists have maintained, the nerve-force (called by them "nervous ether") imparts to the blood all the energy and power it possesses. Indeed, Tantrick philosophy pronounces the system of blood vessels only the shadow of the nervous system. *All physiological effects are the product*

of nerve activity. Every atom of energy in the human being is transmitted by the nerves, and the form of that energy and the *tempo* of its vibrations, whether in rhythmic harmony or broken and discordant, is determined by the mind.

Happiness is an upbuilding force only equalled by the sun's rays. It is sunshine in the heart! And it moves with a joyous rhythm that sings through all the *Nadis* (nerves and blood vessels) of the body. Therefore, no medicine in the pharmacopœia possesses the curative virtue of happiness vibrations; while anxiety, worry, depression, and excitement of the heated flurry sort cause varying forms of stagnation and disintegration, which disturb the balance of the *Tattvas*, compel the flow of those which in excess are most inauspicious, and invite the very discord that fear dreads. Wrong thoughts and fear are the busiest builders of disease, suffering, and weakness that I know of, for they are the disrupters of the physiological balance of the *Tattvas*; that is, their manifestation on the gross plane of activity. It is the perfect balance of the positive and negative currents of *Prana* which maintains life.

In the well-poised, symmetrical, harmonious life, *Prithivi* and *Apas* are the predominant *Tattvas*. In temperature, *Prithivi* is next to *Tejas*, and *Apas* is the coolest of the *Tattvas*, exercising a restraint upon the two heating forces, as does also *Vayu* in a lesser degree. The craving for water when over-heated is perfectly natural and can be gratified with benefit only, if the water be taken at a rational temperature; that is, cool, but not iced. *Akasha*, says Rama Prasad, "has a state which neither cools nor heats. This state is, therefore, the most dangerous of all; and, if prolonged, causes debility, disease, and death."

The lowering or raising of the body's normal temperature, a condition always

watched with keenest anxiety by physician and nurse, is one of the first symptoms of disturbance in the balance of the *Tattvas*. If, for example, *Tejas* flows too long, it is robbing *Prithivi*, which follows it, of part of its assigned period of activity, and the temperature of the body rises above normal heat; and, in like manner, every *Tattva* which exceeds its regular period prevents its successor from setting in when it should; and as every one has its assigned field of activity,—some organ where it is supreme, some elemental need which only that *Tattva* can supply,—discord, disorder, and disease quickly manifest themselves. This is the real office of pain, not disciplinary but beneficent; to give man immediate warning when he has transgressed the Divine laws which secure his well-being. When the *Tattvas* flow in rhythmic sequence and harmony, the delicate transition of one into another as they change is imperceptible.

All ignoble emotions, as jealousy, envy, malice, carping criticism or fault-finding, and uncharitableness have their physiological effect in disturbances of the *Tattvas* compelling the prolonged flow of those unfavorable interrestrial activities, and repelling the joy-giving and health-upbuilding vibrations.

Of all the *Tattvas*, *Apas* carries the breath deepest, and next to it comes *Prithivi*, which discloses one secret of the inestimable benefit, the revivifying effect, derived from deep breathing, without which these beneficent *Tattvas* are denied their fullest activity. The dominion of *Apas* in this function is confirmed by the great semi-lunar ganglion which supplies the diaphragm with its nerves of involuntary motion. Any injury to these nerves is marked by symptoms of suffocation (as in drowning), of which the patient sometimes dies suddenly. These two *Tattvas* work together in complete harmony, under di-

rect command from the soul, for the release of the body from the dominion of pain and disease. *Apas*, the universal solvent, slakes thirst, allays fevers, washes away the germs of disease when we will it to perform that office, and imparts endurance under the privation of hunger and thirst.

The exercise of the held breath encourages in a marked degree the flow of *Prithivi*, and it is brought into great activity during *Pranayama*. This *Tattva* gives endurance to acts performed during its flow, increases the power of attention, stimulates memory, and strengthens the will-power. The prevalence of *Prithivi* imparts a golden tinge to the circle of light about our heads and to the brilliant play of light-vibrations seen within. This inner light sometimes glows as brilliantly as the sunshine streaming through the purest atmosphere. It is a startling proof of the reality of this inner world, pulsing with golden glory, which we penetrate in concentration, when, after such experience, one opens the eyes upon a grey and gloomy sky. This has often happened to the writer, whose gaze, from her study windows, sweeps over acres of house-tops to a hill-bound horizon thirty miles distant. At such times, the external gloom seems the unreality!

Prithivi is sweet smelling and sweet to the taste, while *Apas* is astringent, and is itself the taster; that is, it stimulates the sense of taste. *Apas* is the predominant *Tattva* in saliva, which accounts for the extraordinary solvent power of this digestive fluid. It is gross injustice to the whole digestive canal to hastily cram into it a load of half-masticated food, thus depriving *Apas* of opportunity to perform its assigned work and thrusting upon the other *Tattvas* an office they are unfitted for. Much of our food is put into the mouth in the *Prithivi*—solid—state, and should be reduced

to *Apas*—liquid—before we permit it to pass through the *Apas* gate of taste by swallowing it. *Tejas* works harmoniously after *Apas*, but when required to perform not merely double duty but work it is, chemically speaking, unable to do, the effort generates an overplus of *Vayu* (see Chapter VIII). Gastric disturbances of the most serious character have often no other origin than this. Sudden deaths from nominal heart-failure have been caused in this way, the pressure of the gas—*Akasha* and *Vayu*—upon the heart arresting its action.

The great benefit derived from walking is that through the exercise of the feet and their contact with the ground we are attuned to terrestrial forces. Not only does the *Prithivi Tattva* in the feet increase in strength, but throughout the body it works more actively in all its centers. It shares the influence of *Tejas* in the solar-plexus, and stimulates the wholesome normal flow of this *Tattva* in all its centers. As *Prithivi* is active in the liver and in the lower intestine and kidneys, it can be readily understood that the exercise of walking is an unequalled stimulus to healthful digestion, if we eat pure foods adapted to our physical needs and perform the only voluntary process of digestion—mastication—with the care its importance demands.

Apas being regnant in the mouth and throat is naturally the prevalent *Tattva* in the function of speech and production of voice. As the semi-lunar current of this *Tattva* passes over the muscles of the vocal cords they are drawn up and contracted. The deeper the curves the tenser the cords; and the variations in sound and tone are due to the modifica-

tions of this stimulating *Tattva* through its permutations with the others.

The anatomy of the larynx is a beautiful example of the co-operative action of the *Tattvas*. Five cartilages corresponding to the different *Tattvas* enter into the construction of this marvelous vocal instrument, itself of triangular form blended with crescent-like curves. Be not confused by reading in Century Dictionary that there are nine cartilages. All but the ring-like cricoid cartilage, the seat of *Akasha*, which connects the larynx with the trachea, are in pairs, and the dictionary counts them separately, though this is not usual in physiologies. The spherical form of *Vayu* is recognized in the thyroid cartilage (Adam's apple), *Tejas* influence is seen in the triangles of the Arytenoids, and that of *Prithivi* is recognized in the hardest of these cartilagenous bodies, the *cornicula laryngis*. All these forms are rounded and modified by the prevalent *Apas*, and throughout the whole body its centers of activity can be traced in semi-lunar valves, ganglia, and cartilages.

Of the changing tones of the voice in speech and song and their correspondingly changed colors much of interest will be developed in a later chapter. The thoughtful student, however, must already realize something of the *Tattvic* value of an agreeable tone in the speaking voice,—of music in speech. Remember the formative power of sound, ever building or disintegrating; and pleasant speech is every human being's contribution to universal rhythm and harmony, but it affects immediately and most powerfully himself and his associates.

"The world owes you a living,
But it's up to you to make
That living simply hash and beans,
Or ice cream, pie and cake."

—Boston Transcript.

A Meditation on the Realization of Our Desires.

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.



"God hath said
Hath proclaimed it through the far-
thest space,

In words as mighty as the lightning,
In laws that shall outlast the mountains:
Every one shall possess in beauty
That beauty which he possessed in life,
Every one shall hold in darkness
That darkness to which he clung in life.
Every one shall ascend unto me,
Who truly wills to ascend unto me.
For I have given him wings,
And if he clip those wings,
Who is in fault?"

God is the sum and substance of all good. He ever seeks to manifest himself to his children. Through all the varied experiences of life he would teach us to turn our faces toward him, as the flower turns to the sun. Having learned this much, we shall be ready for higher and ever higher reaches of life. But this much we are meant to learn here and now.

Being in a world of this sort the things of this world are not to be despised. They are the text-books through which we are meant to come to a knowledge of the truth. He who seeks to draw a hard and fast line between the things of earth and heaven, between the so-called religious

and the secular, does himself and others great wrong. The invisible is knit so closely with the visible as to be incapable of divorce. Money, food, clothing, health and the pursuit of happiness, if rightly regarded, will bear us on into the invisible realm which lies just behind and beneath all that we call "real."

There are three things necessary to the realization of any desire:

I. The understanding that desire itself is God-given, that it is the divine urge along higher paths.

II. The knowledge that God is the sum and substance of every imaginable good, which we desire now, or ever can desire.

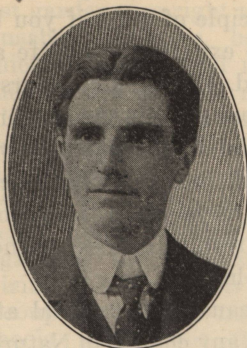
III. The belief that God is willing—even determined—to pour all good into our lives *now*, as well as in the infinite reaches of the future.

IV. The willingness to co-operate with God by obeying the interior wisdom in appropriate personal action.

This is the eternal law of growth, capable of being proved and depended upon as implicitly as the law of gravitation, and as absolutely unerring in its action, both in this world and in every world.

And this because it corresponds to the divine outworking of energy as seen in the natural universe, and because its action is eternally beneficent, not only under these present earthly conditions, but under any and all conditions.

These temporal things, then, are so many appointed paths by which we are meant to find God—the sum and substance of all good; and no human being needs to lead a starved, diseased, poverty-stricken life who is willing to learn that *all good* proceeds from the one eternal, limitless source, which we have been taught by Jesus Christ to call "Our Father."



Astrology and Lucky Days from My Personal Point of View.



By William E. Towne.

While Dr. Derolli and Elizabeth are wrestling with the Astrology question, I feel that I must make an attempt to formulate what I believe to be true regarding this subject.

As I understand it, this universe is governed by certain eternal laws. These Laws are wise, just and altogether good, the embodiment of the All-Wise, Just and good Principle of which the universe is the visible expression.

We are apt to call the action of these Laws "fate." And when "fate" brings us pain we call it "bad." But in reality all the pain that "fate" brings to us is good, and results in our further development and greater wisdom.

The fact that "fate" *seems* to bring us "bad" things is no proof that they are *really* "bad." You know that when a child burns his hand on the stove, he is apt to term the stove "naughty" and "bad." But we adults, having attained more wisdom on the subject, know that the stove is *really* good, and that it was only the child's way of approaching and treating the stove that made it appear "bad" to him.

In a similar manner the children of larger growth approach other manifestations of the beneficent Laws of the universe, with which "fate" brings them in contact, and because their outlook, like that of the child's, is limited, because

they cannot always clearly trace cause and effect and see the beneficent results which always follow seemingly "bad" experiences, they pronounce that which "fate" brings to them "bad." Then they proceed to fight *against* their "fate," to pervert the law of cause and effect, all of which results in still greater suffering.

But the moment they change their attitude towards "fate," and come to a point where *faith* is developed in an All-Wise, Beneficent Power which is ever working in and *through their* "fate," then the results apparently begin to change also.

It is your *own* attitude, your rebellion and resistance, that give "fate" power to harm you. In strict truth she *cannot* harm you, and only works for your upliftment according to exact mathematical laws, which must prevail or chaos would result, and all organized life become extinct.

"None of us can wrong the universe," says Emerson. And hence it naturally and logically follows that the universe cannot wrong us. For both ourselves and the universe are governed by eternal, beneficent, just and exact laws.

If you regard a thing as "bad," you thereby *shut your comprehension to its good side, its real, true side.*

Whatever brings to us a negative influence we are apt to term "bad." Yet

these negative influences are just as essential to our welfare and existence as those which are more positive. Night is as useful as day. Rest and repose must follow all action. The seed must germinate first in darkness. The light would kill it.

Just so all the planetary influences are essential to our welfare and development. They are helping on our evolution towards fuller good.

The more fully and completely we give ourselves over to the guidance of the One Principle of Life—Our Father—the more completely do we find all our experiences being transmuted into good. We become better able to trace cause and effect. We look for good, and good responds. Our faith in infinite wisdom and justice helps to make us a medium for their manifestation.

When we reach the point in our unfoldment where we truly *believe* that "all is good" we shall soon be able to *see* that "all is good" as well as believe it. The ways of infinite wisdom will be opened to us because we have turned our *attention* in that direction and are ready and willing to learn. So long as we believe certain things are "bad" and *resist* what "fate" brings us, we *cannot* realize the truth that Infinite Wisdom and Justice are always working for us. Our eyes are blinded to the truth. Justice requires that wisdom and knowledge should not be forced to our attention. Only when we are *willing* and *ready* do we see the light.

Astrological predictions in the form of a personal horoscope may show us certain *tendencies* which exist in regard to our future welfare during our present earth life. If our faith in the All-Good is not strong, these *tendencies* may all become fixed facts in our lives. They may result in seeming good and apparent evil, exactly as the average astrologer lays them down in your chart. *But*, if

you are imbued with a living faith in the Infinite Principle of Life, if you believe that all the experiences of life are working for good, if you give yourself over more and more fully to the guidance of Infinite Wisdom each day that you live, then you will find these tendencies will all become crystalized into good things, into good results, into experiences that help you up higher.

This is not because your mental attitude brings about any change in Nature's laws, or because you can produce any change in the planetary influences, but because you *open your eyes to the good* and work *with the good* instead of yourself creating "evil" by recognizing it and *resisting* it.

Seek to work with the Law of Life, trust this Law, and only good *can* result! Ignore "evil" and it will disappear. Desire good, center your thoughts upon it, and you open the way for its manifestation.

Briefs.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * Some day I intend to write a true history of "A Poor Man who was Persecuted by Devils"—printers' devils, you know. They insist upon coming to the house for copy (though I surmise it's only when the editor telephones for them) and nothing will do but that I must furnish some of said copy. It doesn't matter that this is Saturday afternoon, and all our best girls are away on vacations, and that anyhow I ought to be out at Netop this blessed minute, lying in the shade reading the *Youth's Companion*, or listening to the little brook as it gurgles its cool way down the wooded mountain side, then on beneath the sugar maples through Byron Smith's cow pasture. None of these things move the editor.

* * * What I've got to do is to produce some copy. It may be that the

woodchuck at Netop is eating up all our best garden sass right now. Possibly the squashes, tomatoes, beets, beans, etc., which I planted and nursed and nourished by the sweat of my brow are even this minute serving as a dainty tit-bit for that woodchuck. But the copy must be produced.

* * * We have been reading Alfred Henry Lewis' editorial in *Human Life* regarding the cultivation of the war spirit. It's Mr. Lewis' idea to organize a couple of dozen naval and military schools throughout the country, and grind out embryo officers enough yearly to command an army of five millions, if need be. To some of us, who are not swelled so high unto bursting with patriotism as is Alfred Henry, judging from his editorial, it looks a little as if the game might not be worth the candle. We think that four or five years in a naval or military school wouldn't be exactly the best experience a young man could have if he was to thereafter be thrown back into the scramble of business life, and left to hustle for his living, as Mr. Lewis suggests.

* * * No. It is better now that we keep our war-dogs muzzled for the benefit of outsiders, and only let them growl a little whenever any other nation goes beyond the limit of decency. There is a strong sentiment growing in favor of peace and arbitration among the great nations of the world. Don't let us allow our super-abundance of boyish energy to find expression in picking a quarrel, or in continually carrying around an expensive chip just to impress other nations. A good army and navy may still be a necessity, but let us keep them as separate as possible from civil life.

* * * When I had arrived thus far in writing these briefs, I laid them aside, and it being warm and pleasant and Saturday night, we started for Netop. There our hearts were gladdened to find that the woodchuck had apparently disappeared. We examined his burrow this morning and found it looked cobwebby and not fresh on the inside. Possibly, he, having secured enough garden sass to stay his stomach, quietly stole away. Perhaps he came out of his burrow early on a summer morn, when

the sun was shining brightly, the dew glistening upon the green grass, the birds making sweet music in the trees, the leaves rustling softly in the gentle wind—perhaps he came out on such a morning as this to get him a bite for breakfast and met darkness and death by the gun of a hunter or the teeth of a dog. Perhaps he simply found the garden truck too old and tough for his digestion. We came home loaded down with sweet corn, cucumbers and a very few sweet peas and wild blackberries. Early this morning our Netop garden was aglow with big yellow squash blows. In every blossom, heavy with sweet odor, you could find two or three bees rioting in the store of honey material and getting themselves covered with showers of pollen, thereby helping to carry out Nature's wise provision for a bountiful harvest of squashes. Down by the railway track, in a soft, marshy, grassy place, we found a flower of such brilliant scarlet hue that it almost hurt our eyes to look at it. Neither of us was naturalist enough to name it. Farther up the creek (or brook as we say in New England) at the foot of a mossy ledge, we came upon a bed of sweet smelling pennyroyal, and picked a good sized bunch to bring home.

* * * Did you ever stop to consider what a wonderful, wonderful difference the point of view makes in our consideration of the acts of others? When we were at the Lewis and Clark Exposition last fall we went to visit the little brown Iggorotes who were on exhibition there. These people are very fond of roast dog, and once in every few days, while at the Exposition, they killed a fatted pup, cooked him and devoured him before the gaping mouths and bulging eyes of the vulgar multitude who had paid twenty-five cents each for the privilege of witnessing the feast. Some good people were much shocked at the taste displayed by the little brown fellows, and said they ought to be run out of the country. Now, if the Iggorotes had only selected roast pig instead of dog when they wanted a feast, no one would have given the matter a second thought. Yet, from an aesthetic and moral point of view, can you tell me why it's worse to eat dog than pig?

EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH.

COLLEGE? Elbert Hubbard loses no **NO COLLEGE?** opportunity to knock the colleges. What he says about them is pretty nearly right—in the main. It surely is a mistake to “take a boy out of life to educate him for life.” Colleges ought to combine life and learning, as all other schools ought to. A portion of every boy’s and girl’s day should be devoted to learning to do things with his hands; for only through well educated hands can a well educated head find adequate expression; and only through the hands can the head complete or prove its education.

Manual training, the “school city,” training in household and other arts, must become—and are becoming—a part of all school life.

But college as it is, is better than no college at all. Hubbard himself has been to college—for a while—though he stands by his convictions to the extent of schooling his sons only at the East Aurora common school and the Roycroft shop. I think the time will come when those boys will not agree with their father on the college question. I am sending my boy to college, though William agrees with Hubbard. But William acknowledges that somehow Chester is not deteriorating. And Chester wanted to go to college. He is studying mining engineering at Lehigh.

In about fifty years from now I want to interview Hubbard’s good boys and my boy, and compare notes again.

When, fifty years from now, I have a heart to heart talk with those boys and mine I expect to hear from *all* of them at least as near a pro-college opinion as Paul Morton expressed in a recent num-

ber of *Harper’s Weekly*. Here it is, the italics being mine:

My father gave me the choice of a college education, but my elder brother was already doing well in business, and I was ambitious to rival him; so after a brief period of private and public school studies, I went straight into business.* I was the second of three brothers, all born within three years, and we have all been fairly successful. It is hard to say whether a college education is an advantage from the business point of view. Take my own family, for instance. I did not go to college, but my father was a college man. Then my grandfather was not a collegian, but my great-grandfather was. And my nephew is a college man. It illustrates the contrariety of our family. The college bred father has put his son into business, the business man has sent his son to college. And, *while it is true that those of us who went into business immediately without going to college have been more successful from one point of view, I think the college men have been happier. I think you learn a great many things in college which are a comfort to you in later life.* But from the point of view of business success there is this to be said: If you begin as a boy, as the office boy, you will learn a great many things, a great many practical details, that you might not learn if you entered business from college; you would not feel inclined to go through the grind of learning them.”

This is the conclusion of a very successful man, who, if any one, has all the data at hand, as well as all the experience and breadth of view necessary for a fair judgment of the question. He is right in the family with both college man and non-college business man.

But there is one point I want you to notice, that may have had a good deal to do with the business success of Paul Morton and his brothers. None of them attained a college education but *all of them inherited one*. Do you suppose it counts for nothing to grow up with parents who are well educated? Who think clearly and on a wide range of subjects, who speak good English, who can answer intelligently at least a fair share of the million questions a child is always asking? What a man’s parents are counts for fully *one-half* of his education. Formal education and business together count for the other half.

How much of Paul Morton’s business success is due to the college education

of his father? And his great-grandfather? How much of his fair judgment is due to his father's influence?

WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH.

College has been educating the head, and it has been doing it pretty well, considering our lights. Now it begins to educate the rest of the man. Athletics are an attempt at educating the body, and in due time our college boys will be educating their hands, too, to useful work.

Some of them are doing it now. A large and increasing class is "working its way through college." It won't be long until "working his way through" will be part of every college curriculum, as it ought to be.

In the meantime, send your children to college *if they want to go* badly enough to help at least toward "working their way through."

If a boy has "worked his way" up to college; if he has learned to be useful, to work with his hands, to handle capably a share of the burdens of his own and the family's daily life, while he was going to the public schools; you may depend that his character will not spoil during those four years in college. And his brains will acquire a store of information and human nature upon which he can draw—and the more he draws the greater the store will grow—*all the rest of eternity*, for both business and recreation.

The boy who spoils in college was spoiled when he went there. *And the home* is the place where boys (girls, too) are spoiled or made. Children are what their parents make them, intentionally or unintentionally. The college only gives one a better chance to show his real character.

If you want more ideas and data on this subject get a copy of *The World To-day* for August and read Hapgood's article on "College Men in Business," and

"A Swarm of 1,200 Girls," by Mary Mullett, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for June.

THE

PROTESTANT. I surmise Fra Elburtus is too much of a protestor to give the devil his due. A protestor naturally views the failings of an institution with a microscope, comparing what the microscope reveals with the virtues seen by the naked eye.

I am not a protestor, but a reconciler and improver. When I use a microscope I turn it on the just as well as the unjust. And when I see as big and long-lived a thing as the college, established and upheld by so many intelligent people, graduating so many bright, intelligent, successful and *helpful* people, I know there is something *solidly good* about it; enough good to more than offset the evils. So, instead of boycotting the college I send the boys there to profit by the good, and to find out the draw-backs and *remove them.*

IT WORKS

BOTH WAYS.

Yes, remove them. One of the professors in a certain college was a double dealer who juggled the rich boys' marks and charged them fat fees extra for tutoring. The boys stood it long enough. Then one very cold night—for the professor—they found him out, tied a rope under his arms and walked over the bridge dangling the smart professor across through the icy water to another state. He never came back, and there are no more false tutoring charges at that university.

I wouldn't wonder if the bright boys can do as much for the colleges as the colleges for the boys.

As to the idea that putting a boy in college takes him "out of life," I doubt it. He gets *more* life, not less. He comes into closer touch with more people less time, than would be possible under probably any other conditions. He learns more give-and-take, more *hum.*

nature, more of the real principles and practice of co-operation, in less time, than under other conditions. And after all, this is what counts. Mere business, simple money making is a cheap art which no man needs devote his whole life to learning. And college and college association put him in trim to learn it more quickly. College boys make the best street car conductors. So the railway folks say. They accept all the college men they can get, in spite of the fact that they know they can't keep them. In college the boys gain what enables them to *quickly* graduate to pleasanter and better paying work.

NAUTILUS In *The Nautilus* office experience has taught us this: The average person must put in just about a certain amount of work in this world in order to be entitled to a certain salary. If he puts the work in at school he meets rapid promotion when he gets into business. If he puts in less work at school his promotion in a business office is correspondingly slow. His promotion is proved always in terms of money. A high school graduate gets quicker increase of salary than a grammar school graduate; a college graduate gets quicker rises in salary, and more of them, than a high school graduate. This is because he has a broader grasp, which enables him to do more things, do them better, and *do them without being told*.

In other words, the less a man has learned in school the more he has to learn in business; and while he is learning he is worth less money.

Another thing we have learned in this office: For routine work, for steady bookkeeping work, etc., high school graduates are the best. A college graduate will not stick to *ordinary* clerical work and be happy; while a grammar school graduate doesn't know enough to begin—he must learn in the business office what he would much better have

learned in high school. But the average high school graduate is *just ready* to enter a business office as the next class in life's school.

But when we need some one to step right into a position of responsibility, with very little office training as a preparation, the average college man is as much ahead of the average high school graduate as the grammar school graduate is behind him. In college, he has gained something that gives him the necessary mental grasp of the business *as a whole*, along with the confidence and judgment to go ahead, accept responsibilities and do the right thing without being told, or after being told once.

Yes, it is *mental grasp* of the situation that differentiates the college man from the high school boy, the high school boy from the grammar school boy; at least this is the important differentiation. The average grammar school boy does what he is told, but he sees little or no *connection* between that thing and other things being done around him. The high school boy sees the connection between his work and the work of others *near* him; the college man comes nearer seeing *all* the connections in the office. Education, no matter where he gets it, enables a man to see things in their right relations to each other.

In our office we have all girls, only one of whom is not at least a high school graduate. She is one of our first girls, an exceptionally capable one, or she would have gone the way of others we have tried before they were through high school. Now we accept only high school graduates, even on trial or for substitute work.

May our readers see to it that their boys and girls get all the education they can coax into them!

That reminds me that Florence Morse Kingsley is sending *four* of her children to college by the aid of her fine stories.

BY THEIR FRUITS. Talk about religion not doing things for people. I had a call yesterday from the neatest, sweetest looking little lady in a trim black gown and close bonnet, with immaculate white bonnet strings and neck ribbon, who was selling the literature of the "Megiddo Mission." I have looked into a goodly number of these "freak religions"—always finding plenty of good truth mixed in with the crankisms—but this was a new one to me. As the expounder's face reflected the peace that surpasseth understanding and her clothing reflected the virtue next to godliness, I wanted to know more of Megiddo. She told me some interesting things and left a little history of the Mission, with a picture of the "captain" on the cover. He is Rev. L. T. Nichols, Megiddo Mission, Thurston avenue, between Cottage and Sawyer, Rochester, N. Y.

The mission owns a big river steamboat, which plies the Mississippi and its tributaries, holding meetings wherever they can get hearers. And a band of their people is now trying to evangelize staid old New England. A cursory glance through their literature gives the impression that the Megiddo theology and practices differ from the Salvation Army's about as the Baptists' differ from the Methodists'. But they get results, as all good religionists do. Their little brown-eyed missionary says that for three years there have been thirty women on that mission boat Megiddo, and seventeen children; and that those thirty women cook on one stove without squabbling. And the seventeen children play together like little lambs and never quarrel. She says there has never been even a cross word among those thirty women. And she looks like a woman who would tell the truth. According to newspaper reports, the Megiddo ship is a quite unique and very attractive home and lecture hall. If those thirty women

have cooked three years on one stove without a squabble, the Megiddo religion is certainly good for them.

WANTED— One of our friends **NEW THOUGHT SCHOOLS.** wants the address of a school for girls of 16 or 17 years of age, where new thought principles are put into practice. The only distinctly new thought school I know of is The Manor School, Shippan Point, Stamford, Ct., which is a Christian Science school—the only one in the land—where Mrs. Eddy's key, "Science and Health," is, they say, one of the required text books.

At Lasell Seminary, a large and fashionable girls' school at Auburndale, Mass., (terms, \$800 a year, I think) one of the instructors is Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, who sleeps out doors the year round, buys new thought booklets for her pupils and teaches them full breathing and the joy of living.

At Glen Ellyn, Ill., near Chicago, there is Ruskin University, where they are trying to make it possible for every boy and girl student to work his way through college. (I believe this is a co-ed. institution.) This place needs a few of Mrs. Sage's millions.

And there is Mrs. Tingley's Theosophical institution at Point Loma, Cal.

With the exception of these places I know of nothing out of the ordinary in the way of schools.

Perhaps our readers can enlighten us as to others. If there are any schools, for girls or boys, where new thought is taught or *lived*, please let us know about them, and send us their catalogs. There ought to be hundreds of them where new thought is lived if not professed!—for new thought is percolating through all departments of life.

By the way, I think Wheaton Seminary, for girls, Norton, Mass., is as good a school for the low price, as you will find.

TWO OPINIONS. "Will you pardon me for saying I like much better what I find in Lelah Benton's article, page 21 of May *Nautilus*, than that in your 'The Day of Opportunity,' page 5 of March number?"—Everett N. Patterson, St. Louis.

"The *Nautilus* is simply great; that article on 'The Day of Opportunity,' the expression is original if anything under the sun can be original. No one ever thought of looking at it in that way, not even Hubbard. You deserve all the credit there is. I use the expression constantly in my daily conversation now, when any one talks to me about 'saving up for a rainy day.'"—Edward E. Beals, *Science Press*, Chicago.

Funny how widely opinions may differ! And funny how you repudiate an idea at one time and later seize upon it as the very bread of life. All depends upon "where we are at" in our own development.

Lelah Benton's experience had to do with a day of great extremity and distress. "The Day of Opportunity" article deals with the other 364 days a year in which things go fairly well, the days when we are inclined to misdirect a lot of energy and money simply because there seems to be enough to go around for the time being.

The real spirit of that "Day of Opportunity" article, applied a year or so ahead, would have saved Lelah Benton from the most of her hard experience. Get the spirit of *both* those articles, friend Everett, and you will find them One, and will like one article as well as the other, though you won't need them both at the same time.

THE CALL OF THE FAR-AWAY. In a private letter from Mrs. E. M.

Grayson of Raton, N. Mex., she tells an incident of her own childhood which is too good to keep. I publish it herewith, for the benefit of our readers to whom the *Far-Away* calls with too much insistence. May the little incident help others as it has Mrs. Grayson.

When I was a little girl I was taken to stay for some time in the mountains in Pennsylvania on one side of the Cumberland Valley. It was the first time I had ever seen mountains, and in

their ever changing moods they were an endless delight to me, seen light, cloud shadowed, mist curtained, snow clad, arrayed in all the October glory, and summer greenness, hidden sometimes by rain clouds to be welcomed again when these had rolled away.

But I wanted to cross the valley and be in the mountains on the other side where the "blueness" was, until some one told me the mountains on the other side were just rocks, and earth, and trees, like those where we lived. That to the people there, *we were* in the blueness. They had all we had, the trailing arbutus, the laurel, the golden rod, the virgin's bower, the fragrance of pennyroyal, scent of wintergreen, and songs of birds.

Perhaps we are living in the blueness here and now, and are blind. Who knows?

The following little item **WHICH REMINDS ME.** from William Allen White, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, reminds me of a number of people who know more about the nation's sins than is good for them:

On the other side of the street, upstairs in his dusty real estate office, with tin placards of insurance companies on the wall, and gaudy calendars tacked everywhere, Silas Buckner stands at the window counting the liars and scoundrels, and double-dealers and villains, and thieves and swindlers who pass. Since Silas was defeated for Register of Deeds he has become a pessimist. He has soured on the town, and when he sees a man, Silas thinks only of the evil that man has done. Silas knows all men's weaknesses and forgets their strength, and looking down from the window hates his fellow creatures for the wrong they have done him, or the wickedness that he knows of them. He has never given our reporters a kindly item of news since he was turned down, but if there is a discreditable story on any citizen going around we hear it first from Silas, and if we do not print it he says we have taken hush money. If we have to print it, he says we are stirring up strife. Seeing him over there, looking down on the town which to him is accursed, we have often thought how weary God must be looking at the world and knowing so much better than Silas the weakness and iniquity of men. And we have wondered if sin were really so important as Silas thinks it is, for with Silas sin is a blot that effaces a man's soul. But maybe God sees sin only as a blemish that men may overcome. Perhaps God is not so discouraged with us as Silas is. But life is a puzzle at most.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"'Twixt optimist and pessimist

The difference is droll,

The optimist sees the doughnut,

The pessimist the hole."

—Exchange.

OLD AGE AND NEW THOUGHT.

"I am seventy years young, or old, as I happen to feel. Is it possible for me to apply new thought to any great advantage? My ideal is to heal others and to rise superior to my own weakness and pains, but *how* am I to do it when I am so much in need of help myself? My husband says new thought is all right for young people, but we cannot expect to reap much benefit from it. What do you think?"—F. J. E.

Your husband's statement is just a bit garbled. Here is what he should have said: New thought is all right for young people, but old people do not expect to reap much benefit from it, therefore they don't.

For the very inmost secret of new thought is *expectation*—"believe that you receive, and you shall have" It is *faith* that makes us whole, and faith alone. Faith in God, faith in self, faith in Mary B. Eddy, faith in conversion, faith in "the Word," faith in "suggestion," faith in "nature," faith in the "hot peduluvia," faith in "medicine"—it matters not *what kind* of faith, just so it is real faith.

For faith is the *let-go* which *lets in* the desired good.

Lack of faith contracts soul and body, and *squeezes out* the desired good.

Children and fools and most young people are full of faith. Show them a God Thing and they receive it and are made whole.

Old people are generally full of doubt and fear, instead of faith. If they have any faith at all it is pinned to the here-after, and according to their faith it will be unto them. They are contracted, squeezed dry of the juice of life, and they are so used to that condition that they don't know it. Being contracted, mentally and physically, it is too much of an effort to *receive* anything new, or to act in any new manner. Their brains are full of beaten tracks, and they hate to take new cross-lot cuts to reach the new ideas.

It is hard to teach old dogs new tricks

—because they *don't want* to learn them.

But old dogs *can* learn new tricks, as many an old dog has proved. It *might* have been harder work for the old dog than for a young one—harder just at first. *But he learned it.*

One of the world's authorities on the Greek language first took up the study of Greek when he was eighty years old. Thousands have taken up new lines of work and gained distinction therein after passing the three-score milestone.

I cannot point to many specific cases where people of sixty or seventy years or more have accomplished much in the new thought, but I doubt not there are many. But one case I know about, a woman I have talked with myself. At the age of about fifty-five she was healed of blindness from which she had suffered twelve years, and which the doctors pronounced incurable. Immediately she became a healer and teacher of the new thought, and for some years she did a great work. Hundreds of men and women bless her for giving them the new thought.

Among *Nautilus* readers there are many who are over seventy years of age, who have written to us of their joy in the new thought. It would be interesting to know how old these people were when they received the new thought, and how much it has done for them, and whether they found it hard to accept and apply the new thought tricks. Let us hear from you, friends, for the edification of such as F. J. E. and her husband. There ought to be great inspiration in the lives of our readers of seventy odd years. We have some wonderful letters from some of them. Write us your experience with the new thought, dearies, and let us see what you are doing with it.

And if *any* of our readers know, either by personal knowledge or through reading, of examples of great accomplishment in old age, do please let us hear about them.

Please write your old age communication on a separate slip of paper, unmixed with orders, etc., and address to the editor.

And here is a hint for all, young or old, who want to do great things with the new thought, but feel they lack faith: *Faith is in the air you breathe. Breathe deeply and your faith will grow.* Faith and full breathing expand you, body and mind, and *let in the new thoughts and new power you desire.*

Old people are habitually shallow, contracted breathers. Timid people ditto.

Anybody, young or old, can take daily special periods for full breathing. And anybody who does it will find his faith and wisdom and power growing.

Breathe for dear life!

THE ENTERING WEDGE. "I think no more complete
From Stacy. more complete
preachment on the way wives lose their husbands has ever been written in so few words as is embodied in the following quotation from Mrs. Ward's new story. For any one who can read between the lines there is a great sermon in them right in line with New Thought principles, so I am sending them along for use in your column:

"*Meanwhile, if she had been restful, if he could only have forgotten his cares in her mere youth and prettiness, Fenwick would have been easily master of his discontents. For he was naturally of a warm, sensuous temper. Had the woman understood her own arts, she could have held him. But she was not restful, she was exacting and self-conscious; and moreover, a certain new growth of Puritanism in her repelled him. * * She felt through every nerve that he was constantly aware of details of dress or menage that jarred upon him; she suspected miserably that all her little personal ways and habits seemed to him ugly and common, and the suspicion showed itself in pride or brusquerie.*"— *Fenwick's Career, Chapter V.*

LUTHER BURBANK PROPHECIES.

Those who are familiar with Luther Burbank's great work with the making of new plants, as detailed in *Nautilus* for May, 1905, will be interested to know what he thinks of the effects of mixing races and improving human environment. Listen to his prophesy concerning America; and note particularly his answer to the question, "What will hasten development most of all?"

"We in America form a nation with the bloods of half the peoples of the world in our veins. We are more crossed than any other nation in the history of the world, and here we meet the same results that are always seen in a much crossed race of plants. All the worst as well as all the best qualities of each are brought out in their fullest intensities. And right here is where selective environment counts. As time goes on, environment will crystallize the American nation. Its varying elements will become unified and the weeding out process will probably leave the finest human product ever known. What will hasten this development most of all? The proper rearing of children."

**HUSBANDS IN
DREAMLAND.** Most of our married girls will sympathize with the grief of the woman in the following story. But, of course, none of our *Nautilus* husbands were in the bunch.

Some time ago, in New York City, a man was awakened in the night to find his wife weeping, uncontrollably.

"My darling," he said, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"A dream!" she gasped. "I have had such a horrible dream."

Her husband begged her to tell it to him, in order that he might comfort her. After long persuasion she was induced to say this:

"I thought I was walking down Broadway, and I came to a warehouse, where there was a large placard, 'Husbands for sale.' You could get beautiful ones for fifteen hundred dollars, or even for twelve hundred dollars, and very nice-looking ones for as low as a hundred."

The husband asked, innocently, "Did you see any that looked like me?"

The sobs became strangling. "Dozens of them," gasped the wife, "done up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department.

Conducted by the Editor.

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money, in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 28.

In my case I find the road to success lies in the mastering of each day's experiences—in the proper understanding of the problems that arise from our conflict with the world and the people we are associated with. I might illustrate my meaning by the following: It has puzzled me for some time just "how to be kind" in all circumstances. A clerk employed by me is invariably late—careless about her work, etc. I made (mentally) all possible excuses, affirming: "She is all right. She will do better. I must be kind." But alas, it did not work, and then the thought, "What shall I do?" In the March number of the *Nautilus* I found my answer in the article, "Speak Ye Comfortably to Jerusalem." My mind has mastered another lesson. It will never puzzle me again—How to be kind to others. So I find success is achieved by the earnest desire to do right. Then each day's work becomes the necessary experience from which some much-needed lesson is learned.

I think it probable the poet had some such thought in mind when he wrote:

"One by one thy duties wait thee,

Let thy whole soul go to each."

The soul learns from the daily duties.—ROSE M. WARD, Mgr. Postal Tel. Co., McKeesport, Pa.

Letter No. 29.

It has been said that preparation is the key that opens the door of success, but I would add to this, *courage to do and dare*, even though one's chances of failure are ninety-nine out of one hundred.

From childhood I had been an invalid. Lameness, failing eyesight and a score of chronic complaints had brought me to a point where I did little else than suffer.

We always just barely made a living, with never a penny to buy books, or clothing, or (what I most desired), to take a trip from the farm for a few days' outing.

My mother did all the household work, and lovingly reminded me what a poor suffering creature I was, whenever by any chance I forgot it.

One day I wanted twenty-five cents to send for some flower seeds. We looked carefully through all the pocketbooks, and in the button boxes, and in fact everywhere that we had ever kept money, but we could not find so great a sum. Then, for the first time in my life, a terrible rebellion at our poverty arose within me, and I resolved that I would earn some money if I breathed my last in doing so.

I went to my room full of my purpose, and tried to think of what was best to undertake. I had had no training along any line, but at that moment I felt so full of power that I should not have hesitated to accept the position of private secretary to the president's wife had I been offered it.

Since I had had no experience at anything, I concluded that I might just as well select the position I most coveted—that of being a reporter on the largest daily paper in our capital city.

Without saying a word to anyone, (for that would have aroused a storm of opposition) I wrote a letter to the manager of the paper in question, and without waiting for a reply I began packing my few belongings in preparation for departure.

The following day the manager of the paper drove out from the city in person to interview me. I was poorly clad, even for a farmer's daughter, for my feet actually protruded through the holes in my shoes. My sunbonnet was faded, and my apron in strings, but despite my appearance, in less than five minutes' conversation, he engaged me for the position of "Society Reporter."

I knew nothing of society, nor of the methods used by reporters in getting the news,

but I accomplished it successfully as my quick raise in salary demonstrated.

Not boastfully, but with due credit to the unseen powers that aided me, I will say that my victory over physical conditions was greater than my triumph over poverty, for although I suffered a little, I never missed a day's work from illness.—Courageous.

Letter No. 30.

To be successful we must forget self in doing for others. Cultivate, if we haven't it already, a pleasing manner. Then with a happy face and loving heart, look at the bright side of life, and the good rather than the bad in people. Try to overcome our own faults instead of our neighbors. Remember always that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Be ready to receive advice rather than give it. Count not worry or fear as necessary friends, for we have no greater enemies. Do our best each day in everything as it comes into our lives. Read the new thought magazines and learn how to develop our own soul powers, which will give to us the perfect peace, happiness and success in all things as nothing else can.—IDA M. PIERCE, Worcester, Mass.

Letter No. 31.

Some of the qualities which issue success, are love of chosen work, (which shows that we are adapted to it), and enthusiasm. We must have enthusiasm to inspire others, and win their confidence. Rate yourself high,—but don't brag of it—and others will do likewise.

We must be reliable and punctual, keeping our engagements as if they were almost cases of life and death. Take a frequent "invoice" of ourselves, to see where we are at. And beware of the day when we can find no room for improvement, for at that moment, we begin to retrograde.

Be progressive, studying and keeping abreast of the times.

Each day do our work upon honor, giving the best that we have in us, ever keeping the topmost round of the ladder in sight, striving daily to come a little nearer to it, and at last we *must* excel.—Dorothy Dier.

Letter No. 32.

I have been a reader of *Nautilus* ever since I received my first sample copy, which has been about two years ago, and to give you an idea of what the holding of success thoughts has done in our family I give you some of my experience. Our boy went to California last fall. After he had started, it occurred to me to hold success thoughts for him, which I did occa-

sionally through the day, and each night before retiring. He arrived there in safety, and found work, but wrote it was hard work. So I held the thought for him that his work was not hard, and that he had as good a right to pleasant work as any one had, and that he must have it and should have it. It wasn't long until he wrote he was enjoying his work and getting good wages. But board was high and it seemed he could not realize much profit. Then in my success thoughts for him I told him mentally that he must realize an abundance of money over and above his expenses, for it belonged to him as a child of God, and he had a right to it. I would repeat these words, or something similar, over and over to him mentally and it seemed I could feel the vibrations of success going to him. Then later on he wrote: "I have been promoted; I am now overseer of the work, and do not have to work so hard and am making some good money now." Then I rejoiced and praised God and thanked him for his goodness, and for the blessed new thought teaching. Then I would say mentally to my boy something like this: "Bascom, you are God's child and you are a noble, good boy. You live and move and have your very being in the omnipresent good; being an heir of God you have a right to all good, and that which you now enjoy is only a foretaste of the good which is in store for you. Your own comes to you, my boy, and it comes to you *now*." In his last letter he wrote: "I am spoiled for hard work now. For everything I go into I get the easy part and the best pay. I turned away six jobs of work yesterday, so you see I am making good money now." So praise God for the blessed new thought teaching. There were three other boys besides our boy who went to California from this locality, all of whom returned without meeting with success."—MRS. SARAH HOUSTON, Mercer, Mo.

(This is a good "demonstration," and gives a clear idea of how mothers may help sons, wives help husbands, friends help each other, to the realization of their high desires. I believe there is absolutely no limit to the good one may do by the use of such methods.—EDITOR.)

Among the three Success Letters published in August *Nautilus*, No. 26, by F. Horace Gonzales stands as winner of the prize. Will he please accept our congratulations and let us know where to send the two subscriptions to which he is entitled?

All the letters for last month seem to me particularly good. If you didn't read them carefully better do so now.—E. T.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

A FRIEND—Moral: Don't go off half cocked. Always allow time for assimilation of an idea before issuing an ultimatum. Then do it kindly, and leave room for explanations. Hasty speech is the devil's trump card. He takes the trick and the other players take the trouble. But don't worry. If your friends really *love* each other they will turn this to "beautiful results" for themselves—and save future tricks from the devil. I fancy your girl friend is too exacting. If she is going to be suspicious and cranky and sharp tongued every time he speaks to other girls of any sort he would better persist in letting things drop. The only "beautiful results" that can come out of such a thing are *faith, love, kindness*, ONE-NESS—or entire separation. All depends upon them, upon the strength of the attraction between them. Let 'em alone! All things are working for good.

G. J.—One of our foreign subscribers sends the following helpful idea which I must pass on to our readers who are situated as "G. M." and friend Geraldine herself: "I noticed in your 'Family Counsel' of February you were answering 'G. M.' who evidently could not get along smoothly with her friend over the house work. Might I just mention to you a system my sister and I adopted. We do all our own work and each takes a turn of day and day about, when we are 'Betty,' have to do the house work for the day and cook the dinner, etc. My sister being a better cook than I, does enough cooking on her day to last over for my day's dinner and to square things up I do the washing every week. In this way the one who is not 'Betty' has a clean day in which to read, study, sew, garden or visit her friends. We avoid all the little jars likely to occur where two women much of an age have to share domestic duties."

N. C. M.—Yes, take the full breathing exercises oftener than three times a day if you wish. You can hardly overdo the ordinary full breathing. It is said those Yogi breathing exercises of Miss Fletcher's may be overdone. I don't know, for I have never used any of them long enough to prove the matter. But the ordinary slow, full breathing exercises I have used for years. They will hurt nobody. And the breath exercises for waking the solar plexus and dissipating fear can be used

frequently with excellent results. In fact, I doubt if it would be possible to injure one's self with either of these exercises. But the latter is rather violent, and it is wise to observe moderation in any sort of violent exercise. I have just opened a letter from our good friend Josephine Habberley in which she sends this quotation from Walter Scott Hall, which may help a bit: "There should be neither strain nor effort. The exercise should be indulged only a few minutes *at first*." This is good advice to go with *any* breath exercise.

C. I.—Success is the result of *intelligent* effort. Mere drudging, mere routine will never bring success. Use your *creative* power, your ingenuity, in doing more *intelligent* work. Keep asking *yourself* how you can improve your work and make things tend to larger returns. Follow your own ideas. *Let yourself loose. And believe, have faith.* Faith in self, faith in your works, faith in the "All-Encircling Good." *Affirm* what you desire, when you think of it. And don't think of it too often. At all times take *health, happiness and success for granted.*

M. G.—Try steering the conversation into pleasanter channels, instead of letting it drift her way! You can do it if you are *kind* enough *at heart*. To be kind enough just go into the silence early in the day, before she gets a chance to call, and affirm for yourself *peace, and love, and tact, and bright, happy ideas straight from the spirit*, with which to *win* her to a more harmonious view of people and things. This may be the chance of a lifetime! Do your sweetest anyway, before casting her into outer darkness to weep and gnash her teeth!

W. N. K.—Goodness! I hope you are not one of those poor benighted fellows who thinks the good old days of ox teams, tallow dips, hard benches, ferulling, Salem withcraft, Spanish inquisitions, sour visages and ducking-stools were the best days! For my part, I believe the race is growing right along in wisdom and in knowledge of God. I believe we see a lot more of God, know him better, and please him better in these days of sanitary school houses, beautiful churches and *new* thought than the old Puritans could possibly see, know and please him! Abraham saw God in a burning bush, but this is the day when "every burning bush is afire with God." Where there was but one pair of eyes to behold God in the one bush there are now hundreds of thousand of eyes beholding him in every bush. The good *old* days? Give me the good new ones. Give me more love for life as it is.

Anent Books and Things.

—"All is Matter—All Matter is Mind," is an interesting brochure by W. C. Cooper, M. D., Cleves, O. Price not given, probably twenty-five cents.

—"The New Way: The Art of Living," by Daniel S. Sager, M. D., (Brantford, Can.), is a useful book that tells how to live scientifically without meat, medicine or microbe mania. Gives food tables, menus and mental culture in judicious admixture, with directions for all sorts of first aids and preventions. Cloth bound, 255 pages, price, \$1.50.

—"Sheridan's Men and Women" (1358 Broadway, N. Y., price ten cents a copy), for July, publishes a picture of Elizabeth Towne, along with a brief story of her life, with which Miss Sheridan pays a charming tribute to both the editors of this magazine. If you are interested in personalities, and what normal being is not? you will be delighted with Miss Sheridan's bright, humorous, generous-hearted way of treating them.

—"Sunday Labor," by Thorleif, is like no other book. It is full of its own peculiar charm, human life, spontaneous humor; as natural as a running brook, and as cleansing. A cross between a life story and a sociological treatise, and a good one. Well printed and bound in dark green and gold, 229 pages. Order of John Veiby, 427 Moseley street, Elgin, Ill., and tell him John Veiby is as good a name as "Thorleif," if not better.

—"Thought Vibration, or The Law of Attraction in the Thought World," is a nice new green-cloth-and-gold volume of 112 pages of good stuff by our friend William Walker Atkinson. Those who have read his "Thought Force," etc., will be glad to know of this new book, which contains his good articles which appeared in *New Thought*. The book is published by the New Thought Publishing Company, 1170 Caxton Building, Chicago, and sells for \$1.00.

—"In *The Scrip* (31 East 17th street, New York, price fifteen cents a copy), there is an interesting article about "The Works of Caroline Peddle Ball," with three full-page half-tones of some of Mrs. Ball's beautiful pieces of sculpture. As this artist is a famous one whose work shows great charm and originality, and she is a subscriber and friend of ours, some of whose bright letters we have printed in *The Nautilus* over her name, I thought you would be glad to know something more of her work.

—"Life's Progression: Research in Metapsychics," by Edward C. Randall, is the new book which suggested to Mrs. Wilcox the beautiful poem in this number of *The Nautilus*. Needless to say Mrs. Wilcox regards the book very highly. It is certainly unusually well written for a book of its class, and I mean to read it clear through. If it makes me any more of a positive spiritualist than I am now I will tell you later. Of course, you know that I believe in eternal life, and progression, but am not so sure that departed

spirits *consciously* communicate with those in the flesh. I am simply *waiting* for satisfactory proof of such communication and the reason for it. This book of Mr. Randall's is beautifully printed on heavy antique paper and bound in dark, olive green silk cloth and gold, two hundred pages, price, \$1.60. Can be had of William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

To A. M. C. and Others—(These readers of *Nautilus* have derived so much benefit from the exercises that they wish to take them as frequently as will be beneficial.)

The exercises in alternate breathing as given in the December and March numbers of *Nautilus* can be taken *frequently*—every hour or two—through the day, and are especially advised at any moment of excessive fatigue and mental or nervous disturbance.

For pains in the back, the held-breath exercise given in *Nautilus* for February affords almost immediate relief, and its continued and regular practice strengthens a weak spine more than anything else I know of. It is efficacious in many crises of disease and suffering, but four periods of regular daily practice are sufficient; these are, early in the morning, *the earlier the better*,—at noon, in the gloaming, and when retiring.

GUIDO'S SAINT. Guido, being asked **From Light.** where he found the model for a great picture of a saint, called a poor old servant, worn and wrinkled and trouble-worn, and said, "Behold the man!" The master, skilled and wise, had seen the glory behind the veil, the saint behind the servant.

It is indeed consoling. What if God is at least as keen as Guido! What if there is a possible saint in every one of us! What if it needs only a master eye, a master-hand, to bring out that saint on some high day of grace! We are all very ignorant when we begin here, and have everything to learn, and life is full of snares, anxieties, sorrows, temptations, mixed with feverish joys; and the saint in us is there, at best, as a dream. But what if our struggles, our toils, our very failures, all help to evolve the saint? Did not one say of those who stand nearest the throne of Heaven, that these were they who had come out of great tribulations?—*Light*.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. Every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor has culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

In order to have a United States Senate which will pass laws that the people want we must have senators elected by direct vote of the people. This is the next great reform needed, and already some of the states are getting in line. Oregon has just elected a new senator by direct vote of the people. Jonathan Bourne is the honored man. May he stand always for the right things.

The Massachusetts state board of education is making every effort to have May 18 set aside as an annual Peace Day, for the study and inculcation of peace principles. It seems as if we have holidays enough, but there ought to be room for this one more, even if we have to drop out the Glorious Fourth to make it. Let us have Peace Day in every school in the land. No one can conceive the tremendous influence for good in such a day well observed. It is our children who will save us from war. Let us educate them for it. Make a Peace Day center and let the vibrations spread! May 18 was chosen for this day because the Hague conference opened May 18, 1899. The officers of the American Peace Society (31 Beacon street, Boston), have co-operated with the Boston schools in making Peace Day a memorable observance. Perhaps they will help other schools, too.

"I have never for a moment arrogated to myself any claim of discovering the presence of colored rays emanating from all of us—the fact has been known to all students of the occult for ages past—but I did, some time ago, make hundreds of experiments in the matter to satisfy myself as to what amount of truth there was in the repeated statements of occultists on the subject. Those experiments corroborated to the full all that had been previously said or written upon the question."—DR. J. STENSON HOOKER.

"A very rich discovery of a deposit of cobalt was made in Canada the other day. Just when the mining sharks were about to gobble it up, the Canadian government decided to keep the whole mining district—about one hundred square miles—as public property forever, and to mine the cobalt for the benefit of the nation at large. Canada has taken a lesson from New Zealand."—*Exchange*.

"As there is at present so much talk about the influence of the mind over the physical body, it may be of interest to examine the condition of health and the longevity in general of idiots and persons demented. Unfortunately I am not prepared to furnish a great deal of material for investigation, and must content myself to call the attention of others who are better qualified to that subject. It seems to me that demented persons are usually in better health physically, live longer, and can endure more exposure than, on an average, healthy people.

"King Otto of Bavaria is fifty-eight years old, has been demented for about forty years, and seems to be in good health physically.

"The Empress Charlotte of Mexico is sixty-six years of age, has been demented for twenty-nine years, and is said to be in good bodily health.

"It may be said that perhaps such people live long if they are well cared for; but take for instance, the case of Theroigne de Mericourt. In May, 1793, she became demented in consequence of the ill-treatment she received at the hands of some women during the French Revolution, and for nearly twenty-five years she continued to live in the *Salpetriere* in a very small, damp and dark prison, without any furniture and without any clothes whatever. Even during winter she remained entirely nude, and slept upon the cold stone pavement of her cell. Moreover, she poured water upon the floor, which froze. She used to wash herself with icewater, broke the ice in her prison and bathed her body with it. She ate every offal she could find, and preferred dish-water to any other drink.

"This would suggest the theory that persons in whom the mental forces have ceased to act normally, are more enduring, and the cause of this may be that a certain amount of the life-energies, which in others are used up in the brain for the purpose of mental action, are in such cases employed by nature for strengthening the functions of the physical organism. If this theory is true, it will furnish a reasonable explanation why in cases of sickness, even if the brain is not affected, mental tranquility is of great importance for restoring the health."—FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D., in *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

"The Interparliamentary Peace Conference today (London, July 25), adopted a resolution urging the next Hague conference to discuss the subject of limitation of armaments. Pressure will be brought to bear on the various parliaments represented to take action. A luncheon followed the session, at which the Lord Chancellor, William J. Bryan, Ambassador Reid, the ambassadors of other powers, and a number of the British Cabinet members were present. Mr. Bryan made a short speech at the luncheon, in which he said: 'The limitation of armaments can only be accomplished if some nation takes the lead in the determination to make its citizens so happy that their content will give greater security than many navies. Moral courage is before physical courage, and the value of human life is incalculable.'—*Exchange*.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

In Switzerland they speak of the month of September as *Herbst-Monat*, or Harvest month. The Anglo Saxons called it *Gerst-Monat*, or Barley month, as barley was their chief crop and was harvested at that time. And September with nearly every country or people is a month of harvesting in some form; the moon, a literal "harvest moon," no matter what the harvest. With us of America, September heralds gorgeously the coming of Royal October, filing out banners of regal purple and gold in corn and grapes, the "corn and wine" of ancient Bible history repeated for us in other form. Corn is not only the chief vegetable or cereal product in the United States for the individual month of September, but throughout the cycle of the entire twelve it is welcomed and stands out prominently as one of the most characteristic of our national products. Its distinctively American tone was once impressed upon our family in amusing fashion. A new governess came over the ocean to us and she had much to learn in matters of names of American dress material and dishes. In shopping one day she covered herself with ultimate confusion by twisting two of the new words, when, instead of asking for seersucker, she demanded succotash! Succotash is an American combination to be proud of since it contains such fine food value in protein, fat and carbohydrates and the delicious special value of its particularly luscious succulence.

Grapes we have, also, in September, in the greatest abundance, and they are valuable from their great proportion of mineral salts. Of barley in September, its ancient harvesting time, or any other month, we know too little, yet it, too, ranks unusually high in such salts. Only wheat excels it in amount of protein, but since its flour does not make a light flaky bread, as its gluten is not tenacious, it is not in general so digestible or nourishing as a bread. In other forms, well cooked, it is a fine food and should be made far more use of in broth, soup and vegetable stews, etc.

If September prove a hot month oats as a frequent indulgence, particularly in the rather concentrated forms of breakfast porridge, would better be postponed till cooler weather as it is generally considered more heating than even corn. Rye and wheat, especially in combi-

nation, make an excellent food in the light bread made from the flour. (See April menu for recipe.)

BREAKFAST.

Corn Meal Muffins. Grapes. Coffee.

LUNCHEON NO. 1.

Grapes. Sandwich of Rye Bread and Butter and Nasturtiums.

LUNCHEON NO. 2.

Corn on Cob. Sliced Tomatoes. Wheat Bread and Butter. Canteloupes.

DINNER.

Corn in Tomato Cups. Stuffed Peppers. Mashed Irish Potatoes. Peach and Melon Salad. Saltines. Grape Ice. Coffee.

SUPPER.

Succotash. Barley Muffins. Peach Ice. Sponge Cake.

Breakfast: An excellent recipe for corn muffins was given in March number.

Luncheon No. 1: Recipe for oatmeal gems, given in May number, may be utilized, baking the stiff batter in individual bread pans in order to secure all the crust possible, the best part of the bread. Or, *Oatmeal Light Bread* may be made by mixing the regular wheat flour dough a trifle softer than usual, and working in a cup of oat flakes for each loaf (separately). These loaves will now rise as high in the pans so will need to be made larger than ordinarily if the same size loaf is desired. If properly baked the bread will not be in the least heavy; simply not as light as the all-wheat bread. A third way to make *Oatmeal Bread* is to cook the oatmeal, using a half pint of oatmeal to one and a half pints of water (salted); cooking for at least an hour in double boiler. Add three-fourths pint of sweet milk and set aside to cool. When cold place this in a broad bowl, add one and a half pints of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, and, if necessary, a little more salt. (Be careful as to this.) Bake nearly or quite an hour, placing over the bread (an oven shelf) a pan with water that it may bake thoroughly yet not burn.

Dinner: Corn in Tomato Cups: Scoop out the centers of tomatoes and fill with corn, uncooked, cut from the cob. To each pint of corn add one egg, beaten, a tablespoon of butter and seasoning to taste. Place in tomato shells and bake thirty-five minutes in rather quick oven. (The egg may be omitted, particularly if egg is used with the stuffed peppers. With the egg, of course, more protein

is given and the dish is more of a meat substitute.)

Stuffed Peppers: Wash and scald six good sized green peppers, cutting in half lengthwise and carefully removing seeds. Take one of the peppers to chop with the stuffing with which the other five are to be filled. Chop this pepper with a small onion, a sprig of parsley, a half pint of softened bread crumbs and either a half pint of hard-boiled egg, chopped nut-meats, or grated cheese, if greater meat value is desired in this. If not, substitute mushrooms or some preferred vegetable. The bread crumbs may be used unsoftened if not stale, in which case bind together with a little cream or milk. With milk add a little melted butter. Add salt to taste, fill the shells; sprinkle bread crumbs over the top and bake brown in moderate oven, with just sufficient water or gravy in the baking pan to keep from burning.

Peach and Melon Salad: Pare and cut into quarters the peaches, cutting the melons in similar form. Place these in a bowl, pour over them French dressing to which has been added a little *creme de menthe* or other liquor, as flavoring, and set on ice for two hours. At this time remove the fruit. Into the dressing beat carefully a little thick cream, sweet or sour, add a few drops of the liquor, and serve with the fruit on nasturtium leaves, with flowers.

Grape Ice: Stem and wash grapes, to one quart of fruit adding a pint of water. Cook in double boiler until soft, not beyond first stages, however. Place in a bag as for jelly and let drip. Make a syrup of a pint of water and a half pint of sugar (allowing this measure to each pint of fruit juice). When syrup is cold add juice of grapes and that of half a lemon (to each pint). Freeze and serve in sherbet cups on plates on which have been placed a spray of fine grape leaves or one large one, and drop one or two stemmed grapes on each cup of ice.

Supper: Succotash: This may be made with either the lima or string beans. Cook thoroughly, simmering slowly about three-quarters of an hour, unless the corn is very young. If so do not add to the beans until later. Use at least a third more corn than beans. Pour off a little of the water and add, instead a cup of sweet milk; also, a tablespoon each of flour and butter. Cook a few minutes longer, season and serve.

Barley Muffins: To one cup of boiled barley add a pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a tablespoon of melted butter, scant teaspoon of salt and two heaping teaspoons baking powder. Sift the last named through a pint of flour and mix with the other ingredients. Bake twenty minutes.

MORE ABOUT THE SCHOOL CITY.

From The Outlook.

In some of the public schools of Boston there is to be established this fall the institution known as the School City. It is a form of self-government which has been used in some of the schools of New York City, Philadelphia, and other places. It was originally founded by Wilson L. Gill in 1897. The trial was made in a disorderly school of a thousand pupils or more in the suburbs of New York. The students were so unruly as to require the constant presence of policemen on the playgrounds. Within a week after the pupils were organized as a city, with the right and responsibility of governing themselves, the school became orderly and law-abiding. The boys were willing to obey laws in the making of which they had a share. In other places good results have been attained. In one school near Philadelphia the standard of dress was so low that if any boy wore a linen collar to school it was sure to be torn off. Twenty of the boys had registered under assumed names, so that in case of arrest they would not appear in police courts under their true names. When the School City was organized, the boys came to the principal and confessed the ruse, and asked to be registered in their right names. Unruly conduct was suppressed; neater dress, better manners, and improved scholarship followed. The students maintained their higher standards to the end of the school year last spring. The almost immediate transformation brought about in individual boys and girls by the endowment of responsibility involved in the plan has many illustrations. One boy from the slums who was careless, mischievous and fond of playing truant was elected a member of "City Council." The teacher felt the choice of this little rascal rendered the republic hopeless; but the

Good Night's Sleep.

No Medicine so Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in daytime. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank.

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloating feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhoea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts she is well, and says she don't think she could live without it.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a 'bad stomach.' There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

children in this, as in many another cases, reformed a bad boy by putting him in a position of trust. As this lad said when praised by his teacher for becoming a little gentleman, "You know they expect so much from a member of the City Council." Some of the decisions of the school courts are remarkably appropriate. One pupil, guilty of swearing in the schoolyard and on the streets was sentenced to ostracism for two days; he was not to speak to anyone at recess during that time, and public opinion enforced the order of the court. Trial by their peers on full evidence appeals to the children as just and fair, and they manifest a surprising aptitude for judicial procedure. As legislators, too, the children display some qualities that their elders would do well to cultivate. No private bill or special legislation has any chance in a School City. There is no graft in the School City, no boodle in the Council, no undertaking between the police and wrong-doers. The child citizens have passed and enforced ordinances prohibiting the shooting of peas, the disfigurement of buildings, the making of any noise in the neighborhood of libraries or other places where people may be disturbed by it. "Tattling" has been eliminated; but pupils who would deem it a disgrace to "peach" on fellow students come to regard it as civic duty to give evidence to their fellow-students concerning offenders against the laws of the republic.

In a school which has a School City the whole discipline is in the hands of the children. They elect a Mayor and Council. The teachers are present at the meetings of the Council, they retain ultimate authority, but, if tactful, they seldom have to exercise it. The children have a charter, which may be revoked by the teachers, as a city's charter may be revoked by the Legislature. The plan has been adopted in thirty-three schools

in Philadelphia, a considerable number in New York, Syracuse, Worcester, Minneapolis, and in public schools in Cuba. The United States Government has asked Mr. Gill to organize the School City in the Philippines as soon as proper arrangements can be made. Playgrounds and school gardens can be conducted by a similar method of self-government. Parks in some western cities have thus been turned over to the care of the boys. President Roosevelt has commended the teaching of civics by the admirable plan originated by Wilson L. Gill in the School City as a form of student government. Franklin Institute has awarded the plan the highest distinction in its power; and many eminent men, including President Elliot, of Harvard, have approved it. As Dr. Frank Parsons writes, "If I am ever a boy again, I hope I may go to school where they have that system." It is believed that one generation of boys thus trained to self-government under conditions free from commercialism would, when they became men, banish political corruption and civic apathy.

A Matter of Choice.

I sat me down 'neath the hill of sorrow—

*And sorrow's a high hill, covered with
stones—*

I sent to the neighbors for trouble to borrow,

I wept today for the woes of tomorrow,

*And all of my friends might hear my groans;
They stopped their ears, for they heard my
moans.*

I hurried away where joy's stream is flowing—

Joy's is a full stream, that never is spent—

I waded in without any showing,

I laved me deep where its tide was going.

*Now my friends would share in my deep
content;*

Where I borrowed trouble, my joy is lent.

—GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE (Quoted).

When replying to advertisements please mention THE NAUTILUS.

Dubious.

About What Her Husband Would Say.

A Michigan woman tried Postum Food Coffee because ordinary coffee disagreed with her and her husband. She writes:

"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all and in bed part of the time.

"I had stomach trouble, was weak and fretful so I could not attend to my housework—both of us using coffee all the time and not realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious about what my husband would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table and we haven't used a cup of it since. You should have seen the change in us and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My children love it and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

"A lady visited us who was always half sick. I told her I'd make her a cup of Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff, but she watched me make it, boiling it thoroughly for fifteen minutes, and when done she said it was splendid. Long boiling brings out the flavor and food quality." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

"Opinion is not truth, but only truth filtered through the environment, the dispositions, or the mood of the spectator." —Wendell Phillips.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

Reprinted to supply the place of numbers now out of print.

CHAPTER I.

"BREATH IS LIFE."

Is it wontedness and use, or perhaps, that unspeakably deadening factor thoughtlessness, that has robbed the pregnant aphorism "BREATH IS LIFE" of every atom of its profound significance?

None has ever gainsaid it, yet to the mass of mankind it means no more than if one were to write *omicron mu*! And to that suicidal mania, fear of fresh air and draughts, and its accompanying folly, flagrant neglect of the primal function of breathing, the world pays an annual tribute of at the lowest estimate a quarter million lives; all sacrificed to preventable disease!

But not alone the mass of humanity have been thus apathetic. Until the beneficial cult of deep breathing, a growth in rational doing and thinking of the present generation only, the man of science whose lifework is to relieve human suffering equally ignored this flaming torch "BREATH IS LIFE," pointing unerringly to fundamental truths of being, but which throughout the centuries of Western civilization might as well have been a dark lantern.

It is my grateful task—nay, happy opportunity to prove to you that it is a torch; a torch of such wonderful illuminating power that man's electric searchlights should pale before it.

Most persons who are interested in any system of breathing have become familiar with the term Yoga breathing, yet it is so completely misunderstood that it oftener excites a smile than serious attention; but this is another instance where the precious pearl truth is in sight, and unseeing eyes confound it with a worthless pebble.

All the ridicule, misunderstanding, and depreciation of this cult are in reality due to the fact that few expositors of Yoga breathing have explained either in their writings or verbally to pupils the *rationale* upon which it is based. In our day and generation, Occidental people accept nothing blindly; all must know the "Why?" and "Wherefore?" We find the answer in the profoundly scientific teachings of Hindu physiology, founded upon the inspirational truths preserved to us in the Tantrik philosophy, and in those sacred Sanskrit writings, the Upanishads.

Only the arrogant egoism of Western civilization has made it possible that enlightened minds could read the Upanishads as they have done for years and overlook the significant facts they contain with reference to the union of breath with life. These facts are the foundation for the deepest, most philosophical, and only scientific cult of physical health and spiritual life; but, clothed in the most poetic im-

agery, they have been studied, translated and read for that alone, as curiosities of literature.

It is a deplorable fact that these so-learned minds rejected, without the experiments which they are *assured would verify the statements*, but with cheerful indulgence for the credulity of those sacred writers who believed them, all these profound truths weighted with the most beneficial results to humankind, and which, in consequence have remained occult mysteries closely guarded by the few who understood them.

The forms of Yoga breathing which excite the greatest incredulity, because differing radically from accepted theories of the function, are best described as alternate breathing; that is, through each nostril in turn, the exhalations preceding the inhalations from the same nostril.

This method is profoundly scientific, being based upon a phenomenon of normal breathing almost unknown to Western scientists (five years ago, I heard of two Buffalo physicians who had discovered it). It is that every human being inhales and exhales for a certain fraction of an hour through the right nostril and then all unconsciously changes to the left for a like period.

Hindu philosophy teaches that with every inhalation through the right nostril a positive electrical current flows down the right side of the spine, and with every inhalation through the left nostril a negative current flows down the left side. The lungs are correspondingly charged with positive or solar and negative or lunar currents. It is by means of the two currents that all the processes of life are performed, and it is an imperative condition of health that they be equally balanced. Upon their rhythmic and harmonic flow, fed by the breath of life, depends the measure of health and vitality in the human system.

It is of interest here to state that early in 1905, the newspapers chronicled the successful experiments of Dr. Atkins, of the California Medical College, who had discovered and succeeded in registering by mechanical means "a positive and a negative electrical current in the air chambers of the lungs of a living person." Thus it will be seen that Western science is painfully discovering the truths which the Orient has had in its keeping since the earliest ages of man.

But the analysis of breath does not rest here. Of as vital importance are these facts: The universal current of life, *Prana*, or vital force, which pervades all space and is commonly recognized in the body as breath (the distinction will be explained later) is compounded of atoms, or electrons, which are differentiated by their characteristic motions into five forms of vibrations. Western science has recognized only two of these subtle ethers, and has not yet discovered their profound influence upon all living things.

We are compelled to use the Sanskrit terms for these etheric forces, which are called generically *Tattvas*, meaning literally a form of motion. The *Tattvas*—referred to in the Upanishads as "the five vital airs"—are specifically distinguished as (1) *Akasha*, the sound

vibration; (2) *Vayu*, the tangiferous vibration; (3) *Tejas*, the luminiferous ether; (4) *Apas*, the vibration of taste or gustiferous ether; and (5) *Prithivi*, the odoriferous ether.

These five *Tattvas*, everyone of which has its positive and negative phases, mingle in varying proportions in both the solar and lunar currents. In normal health, their flow and proportion varies from time to time with absolute rhythmic precision, every *tattva* having its period of predominance for a longer or shorter period. If human beings were automata, the regularity of these vibrations would be as unchanging as the movements of the planets in their orbits. But free will and emotions, every thought and act of man, have their effect for good or ill, and ages ago the Hindus discovered that the inception of every disease is in any influence which disturbs Nature's intricate but symmetrical balance of these etheric life forces, which, corresponding to the elements composing the body, are renewed with every breath and, being elemental subdivisions of *Prana*, furnish and modify the activities of the whole human entity.

This explains the philosophy of alternate breathing, the many forms of which are devised to restore the balance of the *Tattvas*. It also exposes the error of the statement that, "A strictly well person uses the right nostril by day, the left by night." So far, indeed, from the truth is this, that it might be a dangerous practice, and its exact reverse is the recommendation of adepts in *Tattvic* philosophy. They commend the negative breath—lunar current—at sunrise, and the positive breath—solar current—at sunset; the reason being that the one is cooling, the other heating, and they thus impose a check upon the prevalent terrestrial influence.

Great fatigue from overwork—which draws upon the positive current—is quickly relieved by a few negative breaths.

Beneficial effects are gained by employing the positive breath when going to sleep, which is done by lying on the left side. It counteracts a tendency to an excess of the negative principle in the heart at evening, and also protects the sleeper from the frivolous and wasting activities caused by the invasion of idle thoughts (called dreams) upon the field of subconsciousness when the guarding mind is off duty. At dawn, it is well to turn upon the right side, but other movements in the night can be made according to comfort and convenience. Nature may be trusted to take care of breathing if we start it rhythmically.

The overwhelming importance of the equal balance of these two currents will be appreciated when it is known that the excessive preponderance of either causes death; each displaying characteristic symptoms and causing negative or cardiac death and positive or spinal death. The former is commonly diagnosed as heart failure, and there is little doubt that in many cases the patient could be carried safely through the critical moment if the attendants stopped the left nostril and made the positive current of *Prana* flow.

In cerebro-spinal meningitis, not serum but

such care as shall insure the rhythmic flow of the alternating currents down the spine is the treatment the symptoms call for, which agrees with but goes beyond the learned decision that fresh air was the only hope in this disease.

How to direct and control these life currents in manifold ways, promoting health, happiness and efficiency will be the subject of future talks. Those who wish to acquire the power should commit to memory the names of the *Tattvas*; and as a preliminary exercise can practice alternate breathing on a count of four and eight pulse beats or seconds, for inhalations and exhalations, respectively, or six and twelve, according to the lung capacity, which should not be forced, merely encouraged.

Placing the first and second finger of the left hand so that they can alternately close the left and right nostrils, begin the exercise by a through deep exhalation. Then close the right nostril and inhale through the left; hold the breath for a perceptible moment, then with gentle restraint exhale it through the right nostril; next inhale through the right nostril and exhale through the left. Repeat four times, and practice—it takes but a fraction of time—on rising in the morning, at noon and at evening.

It is by means of these universal vibrations that in actual fact—a literal truth—"The heart throbs of the Eternal Spirit pulsate through" us. It is in this way that we actually live and move and have our being in the God of Gods, the very Light of Light. This *Tattvic* Law of the Universe solves the mysteries of the Omniscience, Omnipresence, and Omnipotence of God, for there is nothing where He is not.

CHAPTER III.

HOW TO GAIN THE MASTER-KEY.

Every natural force is ready to work with and for us if we use it intelligently, according to its law. All readers of the previous essays on this subject comprehend now, I think, that the *Tattvic* forces are the active agents of all cosmic intelligence and energy. Our task now is to learn what is our measure of responsibility for their harmonious movement, and how we can gain the mastery instead of being mastered by them.

In the physical body, the nerves are the lines through which the *Tattvas* speed to their assigned field of influence, and one nerve may carry several vibrations simultaneously just as a single electric wire transmits many messages. The moment they enter the human body, however, the *Tattvic* vibrations encounter the disturbing influences which are ceaselessly arising in the average mind. The reasons for this, though they have so completely baffled the scientist that there are still many who deny that thought can possibly influence matter, are extremely simple, logical and absolutely scientific. In the *Tattvic* law we find the solution.

It has been demonstrated beyond question that emotions of hate, passion, fear, or a guilty conscience generate poisons in the human system which, when not active enough to kill (the poisoned milk of an angry mother has been known to kill her nursing infant) are the pri-

mary causes of many disorders; and they give their distinct colors to the secretions of the perspiratory glands. These effects are caused by the abnormal vibrations into which the *Tattvas* are thrown by the above mental states. Thus with every thought we are moulding these bodies of ours to ease or *dis-ease*.

Every atom, every molecule of your body is as sensitive to the thoughts within (yea, and only less sensitive to those *without!*) as is a feather to a ruffle of air. It is only strong, positive personalities who think their own thoughts; more than half of humanity simply reflect the thoughts of other people, for the *Tattvas* carry them to responsive minds. They are the wings of thought.

The usurped over-lordship of the sense-directed mind is the source of most of the ills and sufferings of the body; and its crowning sin and most disastrous menace are that it stifles the soul and prevents its growth through the experiences which should be its daily and hourly portion. The sooner you recognize that you are a Soul and have a body (a world-wide difference from the ordinary conception) the sooner you will become conscious of an increased vitality and strength; for the rousing of the soul to conscious activity through this recognition raises the *Tattvic* vibrations to a higher, more subtle plane. The resulting sense of well-being is the proof that you are actually remaking your body of purer materials through the harmonic co-operation of all the elements needed for its up-building.

When once you have experienced the thrill that this consciousness gives you, you will never again deny the dynamic power of thought, nor the deeply significant truth that spirit works through matter.

These physical bodies of ours are always in a state of flux and reflux—like molten metal or plastic gypsum—every component atom taking the form—that is, the vibration, which the thought of the moment gives rise to. Every thought, even the most idle and fleeting which the mind admits to its sanctum, speeds away on one of the wires centering there, to affect for good or ill the molecules influenced by that nerve.

When you banish the army of discordant warring thoughts which sense-perceptions are ever giving rise to, and declare your real self, your soul, the ruler, you are exercising a will-power which connects your soul with the great central dynamo, the Divine Spirit; and, with channels freed for their flow, streams of vital force will speed over your nerves in full rhythmic currents, which will stimulate all the atoms to harmonious vibration.

Now, the problem before us is, how are we to quiet the frivolous, discord-breeding activities of our minds, so that our souls shall come into recognized rulership of their mundane kingdoms, the physical bodies, and be able to restore the rebellious subjects of these kingdoms to the co-ordinate action which their unity of interests demands? Here is where knowledge of the *Tattvas* is of overwhelming importance to every human being.

We cannot accomplish this by study and reading alone; *knowing* and *doing* are two dis-

tinct acts; and it is only by *using* any knowledge that we make it our own. The only road to the conquest and control of these so restless minds is through diligent practice of methods of breathing and concentration; which, beginning by regulating the normal flow of the *Tattvas*, which purifies and strengthens the nerves, then gives us the power to silence the clamor of the senses and, with the soul freed from the shackles of these energy-wasters, to send the vital current wherever we wish.

It is difficult for some to understand how the positive and negative currents of *Prana* can flow down the right and left sides of the spine and speed over the nerves, since breath, they say, can enter the lungs only.

The gross bulk of the air, that which inflates the lungs, does not penetrate through muscles, nerves, and bones. But the subtle force within it, that which is life-giving, renewing, and rebuilding speeds everywhere, an electric, vital fluid; and the more rhythmical the breathing the greater is the tendency of all the molecules in the body to move in the same direction, which increases the electrical power.

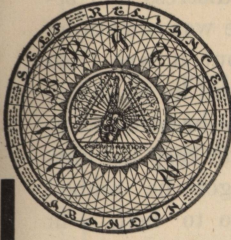
The distinction between breath and *Prana* is a very subtle one, and most attempts to describe the latter consist of affirmations followed by denials. Even the Swami Vivekananda, who could think so clearly in English that he seemed to have a psychological grasp of Western modes of thought, could not escape the Hindu propensity to strive for the finest conceivable distinction. After saying that the most obvious manifestation of *Prana* is the breath, and that "This *Prana* is the vital force in every being, and the finest and highest action of *Prana* is thought," he concludes by this statement: "*And yet we cannot call it force, because it is only the manifestation of it.*"

Other writers are equally baffling, yet this need not give us concern. *Every one who practices will learn to know Prana for what it is.* To say that breath is "something very different from *Prana*" is not only misleading but unnecessarily confusing; and in great part the ultimate analyses reached by all these quibblings are distinctions without a difference, a splitting of hairs as it were; for a breath without *Prana* is unthinkable, since it pervades all space, and is the force that moves the universe and holds the planets in their spheres. Wanting *Prana* we should not breath at all, and its withdrawal brings physical life to its close.

Prana is the terrestrial manifestation of solar energy, and its perpetual cycling motion from within outward and back again, supplies the lever that controls the automatic contraction and expansion of the lungs. It is, moreover, that thinking principle within us which superintends all the automatic functions of internal organs. The importance of never forgetting the imperative need that the positive and negative currents of *Prana* be equally balanced should now be clear to all students.

The control of this all-pervading energy, the vital or creative force in every atom is called *Pranayama*; and it is in the held breath that we generate the will-power to gain this mastery. The philosophy of this is that the

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force of the vibrations thus concentrated upon given centers, or nerve-plexuses, strikes with such an impact upon the myriad of molecules and atoms as to impart a sympathetic, rhythmic direction and motion; and, holding steadily to a single focus the customary scattering mental impulses, thus generates higher and more subtle rates of vibration. The higher they are, the purer and finer, and the greater the power of the *Tattvas* which make up the current of *Prana*.

The next exercise, therefore, for which the preceding ones have been a preparation, gives precedence to the held breath, and the count is: Inhale during four seconds, hold sixteen, and exhale during eight. Remember that the exercise always begins with the inhalation through the left nostril and exhalation through the right; then inhale through the right and continue by same count. A complete *Pranayama* exercise includes two held breaths, and there should be four repetitions at the same hours directed for previous exercises.

No slightest discomfort will be experienced during the held breath, if the mind be occupied with directing the current of *Prana* to the sacral-plexus at the base of the spine during the first half of the count, and then to the solar-plexus for the remainder. The beneficial results will be in proportion to the control exercised over the mind, as has been emphasized throughout this talk.

Instead of counting numbers during the held breath, it is best to think a rhythmic syllable or a sacred word, the repetition of which holds the attention and promotes harmony. There is a deep significance in this which will be explained later. The moment you arrest the energy-wasting activities of the senses by this concentration you bring the mind under control of your soul and give your real self a chance to live.

Judge not, lest ye be punished by your own harsh thought.

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"SUN LORE."

From Collier's.

Astronomy, that science of illimitable marvels, seems, even in its most familiar phases, far remote from man's everyday life. Yet the English astronomer, Sir Norman Lockyer, has recently established a fundamental date in human history by a simple and fascinating application of this branch of science. Stonehenge's wonderful rock-architecture, he has determined, was built as a sort of primitive sacred observatory. Therein the priests of the sun worshipped, publishing to their wild congregations the changes of the seasons. More than mere priests and builders were they, for their edifices were so designed that on the longest day of the year the midsummer sun flashed the first ray of its rising direct upon the central altar. But in the slow procession of the ages the celestial pole sweeps around a great circle, and the midsummer-day's sun veers by a minute fraction of a degree at each year's rising. So, the beam that illumined the solemn array of the astronomer-priests in that dim twilight of history, now falls nearly a degree aslant of the ancient altar. To estimate the time represented in the variation is simple. It establishes the building of Stonehenge at approximately 1680 B. C. Something of the wonder of the eternal ages is in this determination; something, too, of pride in the might of the human atom, since the very orb of day stands to the mind not so changeless as the massive and mystic handiwork of the first Britons.—*Collier's Weekly*.

**TO MAKE
YOU SMILE.**

Ralph was always expected to learn the Golden Text by heart at Sunday School to repeat at any time thereafter during the week. One afternoon the minister called and of course asked for the last text learned. There was no hesitation, Ralph knew it "perfectly" and recited promptly: "If any man thirst let him come and have a drink on me."

II.

One day Georgie ran to his kindergarten teacher in great distress and between sobs told her there was something he ought to tell her but it was "too wicked" and he was afraid he would go to the "Bad Place" if he breathed it to anyone. At last, unable to keep the burden on his heart longer he sobbed brokenly, "Willy'll go to hell, I'm afraid, 'cause—'cause, he says he loves Bettie better'n he loves Jesus!"

III.

Blanche was a spoiled darling who had been taught to say her prayers rather as an accomplishment for public performance, and one evening, when, as not unusual, her mother took a visitor to the nursery "to hear the dear child," Blanche rattled off glibly, with folded hands and pious air:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

and I can say "Baa, baa, black sheep, too. Want to hear me?"

IV.

Two small boys, playing everyday games on the sidewalk one Sabbath were accosted by an anxious, elderly church member who stopped and began seriously, "I'm afraid—I'm afraid, my boys—I'm afraid—"when one of the youngsters piped up, "Well, why in hell don't you run, then?"

V.

A small boy of Detroit who belongs to an old Presbyterian family and has been brought up with good Presbyterian beliefs, one day asked of his mother, "Say, mamma, was Jesus Christ a Jew?" "Why, yes, dear. Don't you remember that He was Jesus of Nazareth, of Judea?"

"Well, all I have to say is, then that I'm s'prised that a good Presbyterian like God would let his son be a Jew."

—RILEY FLETCHER BERRY.